



THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

Andrew Steel.

SECOND EDITION,

Condensed from the First Volume.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HOME.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY JOHN FORSYTH,
82 SOUTH BRIDGE.

MDCCLXIII.

P R E F A C E

IN appearing the second time at the bar of the most illustrious and enlightened nation upon earth, I confidently believe that I have much to hope and but little to fear from the decisions of public opinion, owing to the circumstance of having been both so frequently and favourably noticed and critically reviewed by the Press, upwards of twelve years ago. My only apology, therefore, for again coming before the world, is solely owing to the repeated solicitations of a select and valued circle of friends and wellwishers, whose judgment of my effusions I highly esteem, and heartily appreciate.

The reader will, I doubt not, be gratified to observe some fresh pieces in this, which were not in the First Edition. These productions, I regret to add, were written under extreme relative affliction :

PAGE(S) MISNUMBERED

a dispensation of Providence, the writer sincerely trusts he shall never forget.

It is hoped that a judicious selection, as well as a happy arrangement, has been made of the various subjects, and that the distinctive classification of the Poems and Songs will meet the public approval.

With these few very short premises, I must again encore that prince of writers, the illustrious Byron, and say :

“ Go, little Book, from this my solitude :
I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways.”

At the same time, and finally, it is with feelings of no ordinary gratitude and esteem, that I again tender to my numerous and influential supporters the expression of my most cordial, sincere, and heartfelt thanks, in consideration of their spontaneous and almost unprecedented benevolence and generosity towards me.

Coldstream, July 1863.

CONTENTS.

Poems.

	PAGE
The Flowers,	1
Home,	5
Ode to the Deity,	7
Address to a Thrush while Singing,	10
To the Memory of M. S., my Wife,	11
To a Snowdrop,	14
A Few Short Years,	16
Home Recollections of a Bereaved Lover,	17
Love not the World,	22
Ode to the Ocean,	24
The Christian,	28
To my Dog Nailer,	29
The Free Kirk,	30
To a Child while Sleeping,	39
The Creation,	40
A Scold,	44
To the Honourable Commissioners of Coldstream,	45
To a Lamb,	56
Reflections on the Year 1848,	58
Twelve o'Clock—Midnight,	61
Elegy on the Memory of John Brown of Coldstream,	63
Lament for the Premature and Sudden Death of R. T.,	66
To the Memory of an Old Friend,	67

	PAGE
Tale of a Barber,	68
Our Visit to the West of Scotland,	77
The Drunkard's Soliloquy and Dream,	91
Lines Addressed to John S——E,	103
Thoughts on God,	106
Portraiture of Real Life,	108
Answer to Robert Gilfillan,	110
Written on a Visit to Roslin—1844,	115
The Wandering Poor,	130
On the Wreck of the Pegasus,	132
On the Death of a Lady,	140
Epitaph on a Well-known One,	144
Lennel Churchyard,	145
My Native Border Home,	147
Address to Manchester,	149
The Emigrant's Return,	151
Lament for the Sudden Death of an Intimate Acquaintance,	157
The Friendly Wish,	159
Parody on the Burial of Sir John Moore,	161
On the Death of T. J., Esquire,	163
On the Millennium,	165
On Mesmerism,	167

Song^s.

The Favourite's Return,	191
Tell me, dear Annie, are ye Gann Awa?	193
Hey for a Wife wi' a Hunner or Twa,	194
The Tryste,	196
The Auld Man's Soliloquy,	198
Farewell to Polton,	200
We'll ne'er hae Peace till the Siller's sent Hame,	202
The Love-Sick Maid,	204
Blue-Eyed Mary,	206
The Hirsel yet for me,	208
The Barrow,	210

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
The Lily o' the West	212
To Arrochar away, Lassie	214
The Lover's Lament,	216
The Elm Tree,	218
Thou art Faithfu' ever, Willie,	220
Flora,	222
I Lo'ed a Lassie Young and Fair,	224
We had a Rowth o' Clink Yestreen,	226
Dark Lowers the Mist on the White Towering Cheviot,	228
 APPENDIX,	 231



THE FLOWERS.

“ Flowers are the alphabet of angels, by which
They write on every hill and vale things unutterable.”

Mrs Hemans.

LOVE the flowers of every clime and season,
The lovely flowers of every class and hue;
An impulse holy, sanctified by reason,
I feel divinely all my powers renew.
When brightly spangle they the mead and mountain,
Light up the garden, and the grove bestrew,
Or gem the sunny banks of rill and fountain,
Oh but their glowing footsteps to pursue,
O'er Nature's common; there alone for hours,
To dwell in sweet communion with the flowers.

I love the flowers: the flowers who ever slighted,
Of reason, sympathy, or love possessed?
Aught else of virtue Heaven in man hath lighted,
Aught with the symbolled Deity impressed;

The more minute their curious conformation
 We scan, their latent glories unexpressed
 Arise, until in hallowed admiration,
 Instinctively we feel o'erwhelmed the breast.
 Away the vaunted mimicry of art,
 How dull and drivelling compared her part !

I love the flowers !—ah ! who can cope with Nature,
 Or imitate her infinite displays ?
 The meanest, humblest floral form and feature
 Involve a wonder which transcends all praise;
 What mechanism, peerless and unerring,
 Skill and contrivance, mocking all essays,
 Flash through the whole, without one tribe preferring,
 In our inquisitorial surveys !
 While nameless loveliness and beauty shine,
 Colours no brush to canvas can consign.

I love the flowers,—as tacitly loquacious
 Each its credentials thus unfolds to me;
 Penned as with sunbeams by its Author gracious,
 Endorsed and crested with the Deity;
 Evoking every feeling and emotion,
 Of adoration and sublimity,
 Inspiring heartfelt and unfeigned devotion,
 Thou glorious Original of all, to Thee !
 From Nature's holy altar to the skies,
 Hence let my incensed homage ever rise.

I love the flowers !—though fraught with illustrations
 Of the Eternal, blessed over all;

Yet, ah ! the other bland associations
To memory they vividly recall.
Pleased with their odoriferous sweets distilling,
How soft as sunshine on the fancy fall;
The charms of Eden bright divinely thrilling,
Ere o'er their vestal loveliness her pall
Had spread Apostasy, and poured her ban,
Blasting the blissful innocence of man.

I love the flowers !—still sacred in affection,
In pleasing sorrow are they not enshrined ?
Rooted in hallowed, living recollection,
As round the past seraphic'ly entwined,
Renewing dreams of fairy joys departed,
Young loves extinguished, friendships long resigned;
Enchanting all, when life's career I started,
The heaven-rained vital manna of the mind.
O to retrace, amid a vale of tears,
The evanescent bliss of early years !

I love the flowers !—dear types of flow'rets riven
From the fond heart in life's maturer day.
Ah ! scarce the sun ascended the mid-heaven,
Till swept the blast my brightest hopes away,
Leaving for me, for scenes of love and gladness,
A lonely desert reft of every stay;
Its well-springs gone, no songs, but sighs and sadness,
Inspiring only sorrow and dismay.
Time, death, vicissitude—ah ! witness how
The bosom mourns, alas ! but memories now !

I love the flowers!—but why so thus dejected
For those my dear, my loved companions gone,
While in the fate of every gem reflected,
Intuitively I image but my own?
What though in Spring, dispersed and alienated,
As birds of kindred feather having flown,
'Tis but to meet, ne'er to be separated,
In realms where death and sorrow are unknown.
Oh ecstasy! oh transport! how divine.
Hail to that morn—it ever shall be mine.

I love the flowers!—thrice welcome their arrival,
Sweet hopeful captives from their dungeon cold,
As eloquent prepledging man's revival,
Ere long, immortal from his native mould;
And ah! the sage, the sacred admonition,
Their fleeting forms and loveliness unfold,
Heaven, may we hear; hence husband with ambition,
And part with time as misers with their gold!
What is its worth, let death-beds grave reply:
I love the flowers—such are my reasons why.

HOME.

THERE is a well-spring Nature kind discloses
In life's rough wild of sorrow and of care—
A green spot, where the weary soul reposes,
And innate loves and longs to linger there.

'Tis there the balmy vernal dews of heaven
Soft on the heart in native freshness fall;
An impulse sacred to its powers is given,
And moral Spring fair blossoms over all.

There peace, content, and love united flourish
Beneath the sun of freedom's genial glow;
The social joys, the feelings there we cherish,
That hallowed scene endear to all below.

There is a balm for every wound, a pleasure
For every pain, a smile for every tear,
Despite of honour and of countless treasure:
Unblessed the bosom it hath ceased to cheer.

When absent, deep in pleasing recollection
We feel it daily magic'lly enshrined;
While soft a thousand tendrils of affection
By angel hands around it seem entwined.

Dear source of many a sigh and sweet sensation,
Though to the strange and giddy world unknown,
Touched by thy magnet, fond imagination
In rapture kindles at thy name alone—

In fairy dreams revisits, and retraces
That blessed abode where kindred spirits dwell,
There scans with gladness the familiar faces
Of those who love and ever wish us well.

Charmed with the well-known music of their voices,
And there, as wonted with the social few,
The spell-bound soul re-mingles and rejoices,
The past with all its pleasures to renew.

In vain we ramble, other realms exploring,
To find a like Elysian retreat;
There gems of joy are but for others flow'ring,
And cold at best the sympathy we meet.

O hallowed truths ! acknowledged and conceded
By saint, by savage, wheresoe'er we roam,
For, ah ! that lovely scene, how hardly need it
Be told, my fellow-traveller, is HOME !

ODE TO THE DEITY.

H! mystery of mysteries art Thou;
 Perplexing problem, enigma of all,
 Thought struggling labours from her mine to call
 Of Thee conceptions adequate in vain,
 In whom all intellect is, as when fall
 Into the boundless ocean drops of rain;
 Unseen by mortal eye art Thou alone,
 Whom we call God, but little more is known.

To the great law of causes and effects,
 Of all existence we our knowledge owe,
 And from that principle we reasoning show,
 Intuitively, whence all things first began;
 But Thou the grand exception art, we know;
 Before all time, and Nature's mighty plan,
 Thou ever wert, and shalt for ever be—
 Past, present, future, are alike with Thee.

Beneath Thy august and eternal throne
 All is vicissitude and ceaseless change;
 But no commotions nor events derange
 Thy schemes and counsels, hallow'd be Thy name !
 For thou alone remainest, passing strange,
 From age to age, immutably the same—
 The ever-blessed God, in whom unite
 All rectitude, perfection infinite.

At Thy almighty and omnific word
 This vast stupendous universe arose;
 Thy power sustains it, and Thou canst dispose
 Of all at will, amenable to none.

Thy dread omnipotence what can oppose ?
 As dust all nations by Thy breath are blown:
 Ten thousand ministers of vengeance stand,
 Obsequious waiting thy supreme command.

Thou bidd'st the thunders roll, the lightnings gleam,
 Commission'd whom to smite, and whom to save;
 While storms and tempests desolate and rave,
 Or sink in slumbers at Thy awful nod;
 Earth trembling yawns, an all-engulphing grave,
 And melt the mountains at Thy touch, O God:
 Thou King of kings, dread Potentate Divine,
 All rule and power in earth and heaven are Thine!

Unnumbered orbs, belched from Thy puissant hand,
 Their mystic flights in harmony pursue,
 In beaming lustre through the trackless blue,
 Obeying gloriously Thy high behest;
 Ethereal shrines, which ne'er pollution knew,
 All gay with life, with bliss unmingle bless'd,
 Where all acknowledge, homage, and adore,
 Thy might, dominion, glory, evermore.

Life of all life, quintessence underived,
 Whose vital energy in all we trace,
 The earth, the ocean, and the depths of space
 Thy presence mirror bright to every eye:

No thought, volition, action, state, or place,
 Eludes Thy deep omniscient scrutiny,
 All eye, all ear, all intellect, sublime,
 Pervading all eternity and time.

Alone in holiness, in justice, truth,
 Above conception, and beyond all praise,
 Yet nature's tacit eloquence betrays
 Thy love and mercy, vigilance and care;
 Embracing all, in endless forms and ways,
 Unwearied and impartial, everywhere—
 Seen in the mite, as man and angel clear,
 Bright in the atom as the rolling sphere.

But what am I, to merit thy regard ?
 A worm, an insect, into being brought
 But yesterday; to-morrow gone; forgot
 Quite by the world, as if I ne'er had been;
 Guilty, polluted, vile in deed and thought,
 Debased and wretched, and deformed by sin,
 A sullied miniature of pristine worth:
 Compared with Thee, a nothing upon earth.

Still I am something, which Thy notice claims,
 And shares Thy sympathy, divine and pure:
 From day to day Thy mercies still endure,
 For oh ! Thy name and nature, God, are love !
 In me Thy spirit breathes an earnest sure,
 Of joys immortal in the realms above;
 Hence, guide me by Thy truth where'er I stray,
 Till freed my soul shall thither wing her way !

ADDRESS TO A THRUSH WHILE
SINGING.

SING on, sweet minstrel of the wood and grove!
Enshrined, as wonted, in thy towering plain;
With ravished ear I hail thy artless strain
Of soul-inspiring symphony and love.
Would that this cold and callous heart of mine
Glowed with instinctive praise like that of thine !

Sing on, thou lovely Thrush! thy heart is light;
No dark forebodings nor regret are there:
Wrapt in the present, while no rankling care
Conspires thy vocal melody to blight;
Unlike the wretch assailed by guilt and fears—
His songs are sighs, his scene “a vale of tears.”

Sing on, my favourite of the powers of song,
Thrice dear remembrancer of other days,
Of other joys and feelings, which thy lays
In fond imagination yet prolong !
Ah, then, sweet Thrush, like thine, my heart was
young,
Bounding and free, with love and gladness strung.

Sing on, my loved one ! how the bosom sighs;
What chords are there still tangible by thee,

Those slumbering memories endeared to me,
 Death-blasted hopes, and friendship's broken ties;
 Thy powers awake, renew, and knit once more,
 And scenes recall I fondly trod of yore.

Sing on, thou soft magician of the heart !
 Who points the tube at thee with evil eye,
 May vengeance seize him, pity spurn his cry;
 The callous miscreant, cursed be his art.
 Humanity responds her sad Amen:
 And now adieu !—perchance we meet again.



TO THE MEMORY OF M. S., MY WIFE.

WOWL, ye bleak winds of hoary dark November,
 Faint type of that dark winter of my soul;
 Can this lorn heart ere cease it to remember,
 Till cold as hers, and reached of life the goal,
 That hallowed hour,—oh heaven !—when life's last
 ember

Alone I saw expire—that look, the whole
 Of the last scene—can I forget or tarry
 Thus to embalm the honoured name of Mary?

Vainly, alas! in prattling fascination,
 Tries our loved little one to soothe the smart

Of the sad blighting, withering dispensation,
 Icing the inmost fountains of the heart.
 Palsied its thrill, extinguished the sensation
 Her nameless sympathies could once impart,
 As turns the eye, as instinct calls it forth,
 On nought but memories of departed worth.

Hushed now the groan, long patent to the pillow,
 Of meek submission to the will supreme,
 Bending to it, as pliant nods the willow,
 Kissed by the breeze that fans the summer stream.
 "Thy will be done," in breasting the dark billow,
 Her parting watchword, as her daily theme,
 Sighed deep in virtuous confidence and fear—
 Its thrilling accents still methinks I hear.

Now the frail bark hath weather'd the rough ocean,
 And in the peaceful haven safely lies;
 Run now the race, 'mid plaudits and commotion,
 Off bears the speedy the immortal prize.
 The battle over, fought with stern devotion,
 To the reward the breathless victor flies,
 No more to conquer, and in triumph glorious,
 Resigns the armour amid shouts victorious.

Thrice hallowed shade, imperishable spirit !
 Still glows the star, though night cimmerian reign:
 What bliss not thine ? when, through vicarious merit,
 Absorbed in spirits' glorious source again:

What joys ecstatic must thou there inherit,
And realise to die but wordless gain:
Basking for ever in the genial ray
Of the grand Fountain of eternal day.

Buoyant and free, from age to age aspiring,
Vieing to climb perfection's topless tree;
Nerved with immortal vigour and untiring,
To reach where angels once were wont to be:
While heaven's behests with zeal the bosom firing
On missions vast sent through eternity,
To regions near, or far transcending thought,
And realms the seraph's wing hath traversed not.

Oh bliss unmixed beyond bounds or measure !
Oh brilliant destiny, who would recall
Or wrench thy sainted spirit from such treasure,
Replacing it beneath the iron thrall
Of this vile, sin-polluted world. With pleasure
Adieu, my first, last, best; the distance small
Betwixt us, and the fondled wish be mine
To meet in that elysium divine.

TO A SNOWDROP.

AGAIN the opening year I sing,
Hail, lovely harbinger of Spring !
Emerging from thy tomb again,
Precursor of the floral train,
Thou seem'st impatient of delay,
Come, welcome stranger, come away.
Thy spotless robes of snowy white,
How doubly grateful to the sight !
What intellect, what art, and power
Are miniatured in thee, sweet flower,
To all proclaiming, as they shine,
An Artist glorious and divine ?
Unlike the rude attempts of man,
The closer we thy structure scan,
The more thy symmetry and grace,
And native loveliness, we trace,
And feel the soul instinctive rise
With admiration and surprise
At thy revival from the dust,
O hallowed emblem of the just !
In robes unborrowed though attired,
And by no toil of thine acquired.
Yet, ah ! fair gem, thy charms deride
The garish glare of human pride:
And how obscure thou lov'st to bloom,
With drooping head, here o'er thy tomb !

Young, unassuming modest birth,
Bright image of retiring worth,
All truly may behold in thee
A model of humility.

But, ah ! frail evanescent thing,
Thy mortal hour is on the wing;
Soon shalt thou languish and decay,
And all thy sweetness pass away;

The very spot where thou hast blown,
Shall be forgotten and unknown;
Thy room shall others soon supply,
Like thee to flourish, fade, and die.

Alas ! sad prototype of fate
Of man, e'en in his best estate—
How brief, how fleeting his career !

What are we ? Wandering exiles here.
A few more petty ills endured,
A few more tears of sorrow poured,
Then vain to tarry here our trust;

Forth flies the fiat, "dust to dust;"
Whate'er in life has been our lot—
All then is gone, and all forgot;

But though thou here a wreck must fall,
Yet in the grave how short thy thrall !

Spring shall again to thee return,
But when shall Spring dawn on the urn ?

There must its tenants slumbering lie
Till Time, and Death, and nature die—
Till the last trumpet, loud and shrill,
Shall rouse us with its awful thrill.

A FEW SHORT YEARS.

 FEW short years, and then,
 As dew-drops from the spray,
 So from the ranks of men,
 Anon, we pass away.

Bright type of our career,
 See yon Ephemera play:
 How brief our flutter here,
 Born but to pass away.

What matters here our lot—
 A crown, or crust, to-day:
 To-morrow, gone, forgot,
 Doomed but to pass away.

Though thorns our path bestrew,
 As here we onward stray,
 Though ills on ills renew,
 'Tis but to pass away.

What honour, fame, and power
 The gewgaws that betray
 The syrens of an hour,
 That dream like pass away,

Thus shadows of a shade,
 Of change and time the prey,
 All earth-born things are made,
 And like us pass away.

Save glorious truth and love,
 The gems that mock decay,
 The amaranths above
 Shall never pass away.

But ever fresh diffuse
 Sweet fragrance, and display
 Their endless charms profuse,
 Where beams eternal day.



HOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A BEREAVED LOVER.

“ Oh ever thus, since childhood’s hour,
 I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay;
 I never loved a tree or flower,
 But it was sure to fade away.

“ I never nursed a young gazelle,
 To glad me with its soft black eye;
 But when it came to know me well,
 And love me, it was sure to die.”

Moore.

A LONE! thrice welcome now, devout Reflection,
 My weary soul with gladness bids thee, hail;
 Her nurse benign, and succour in dejection,
 When hopes but mock, and fairest prospects fail;

O power divine! dispelling all deception,
Brushing with angel wing the earthy scale
From off our eyes, thus rectifies the sight,
And places objects in their proper light.

With such new optics now the world surveying,
What is it? a kaleidoscopic show,
At every turn, ay, every hour, betraying
Sad, everlasting change through all below;
Where all is vanity, and nothing staying,
O solemn truths! and I have found them so;
But little now my lonely heart endears,
Wrecked are my joys, and passed with other years.

And what is life? a fleeting, vain illusion!
Brief as the flowers that flourish and decay;
Soon sets the sun, that heralds the conclusion
E'en of the longest and the brightest day.
Another smile, a heartache, an effusion
Of tears, and then we sighing pass away.
How loved, how honoured once, avails us not;
Death deals the blow, regardless of our lot.

O melancholy thoughts! to mind recalling
Those years when all was hope and promise fair,
The bosom light and buoyant, nothing palling
The sweets I dreamt would ever blossom there!
But soon the blasting mildew, ruthless falling
On all I loved on earth, my only care,
Hath shed a bleak and cheerless gloomy wild,
Where once for me the glowing Summer smiled.

Nature in hope may wait the Spring returning,
Though Winter howls, the birds may sing again,
The longing mother change for joy her mourning,
The vessel still may brave the stormy main;
But Hope's bright taper here hath ceased its burning:
I pour the tear, and heave the sigh in vain;
The temple of the heart now stands alone—
The spell is broken—the enchantress gone.

But oh! by Heaven, can I forget her? Never!
Sooner the thirsty soul shall loathe the stream,
The weary rest, the miser cease for ever
Of his dear idol—heaps of gold—to dream,
Than e'er the bleeding bosom of her lover
Shall cease to cherish homage and esteem—
The memory of her loveliness and worth,
Too exquisite to flourish long on earth.

I saw the gangrene daily undermining
My vernal hopes, that rose as cedars tall;
For months she drooped, and nature fast declining,
I saw in sorrow, every wonted call.
At length she lay like a young flower reclining,
'Neath incongenial snows, in Spring that fall;
Her charms the heart in silence then wept o'er,
And felt as if it ne'er had loved before.

She was, in fact, a living concentration
Of all that heaven could love and earth admire;
How lost to virtue and divine sensation,
The soul such excellence could not inspire!

Her blushing cheeks then mocked the fair carnation;
And oh! those eyes of intellectual fire,
The placid smile that lighted up her mien,
For all was peace and purity within.

Still fast the fell destroyer seemed progressing,
With sweep relentless as the Nubian blast,
Another change my soul anew distressing,
In double gloom enwrapt the lucid past,
And o'er her angel form unsparing passing,
Youth, love, and beauty blighted lay at last;
Deep was the groan, and heavy rose the sigh—
Methought it surely terrible to die.

I saw the golden bowl was yet unbroken,
The jewel in the casket lingered still;
Whose final flight each moment did betoken,
O righteous Heaven, how trying was Thy will;
For ere the man of God had ceased invoking
The blessing, with all tenderness and skill,
She gave a moan and a convulsive quiver,
Then all was o'er—the spirit past for ever!

Strange must that moment be, our journey ending—
Mysterious to the wisest as to me—
When feel we on that hairbreadth footing standing,
The all to mortals then of time that be,
When all around is hovering and blending
Amid the dawning of eternity;
And the soul struggling hard to wing her way
From her frail shattered tenement of clay,

To face her Judge omniscient and unerring,
Enthroned in peerless majesty and might,
And hear Him from her deeds her doom inferring,
'Mid hosts angelic robed in glory bright,
And by his fiat solemn her transferring
To realms of bliss, or shades of endless night !
What scenes and secrets may she not behold ?
And who her last sensations can unfold ?

There is an awful something past revealing,
About the cold and silent bed of death,
That neutralises every earthly feeling,
When all that pleased has vanished with a breath :
And O that lonely sorrow o'er us stealing !
'Tis then the heart, if ever, values faith,
Whose torch divine dispels the deepest gloom,
And lights beyond the desert of the tomb.

Soon must that king of terrors—thanks to Heaven—
The iron sceptre of his power resign.
Soon must the marble and the mound be riven ;
O Grave; thy slumbering treasures are not thine !
Of restitution was an earnest given
When rose thy Spoiler glorious and divine,
Who captive led captivity that hour,
Triumphant by His own almighty power.

Hence friends shall meet whom Death had long divided,
And welcome in embrace each other dear,
Whose kindred souls again shall be united
In bands of love eternal and sincere.

No more their joys by sorrow shall be blighted;
 God from their eyes shall wipe off every tear.
 Hail to that morn when all shall thus transpire !
 Blessed consummation ! my supreme desire.



LOVE NOT THE WORLD.

LOVE not the world ! O precept how divine !
 In which the wisdom from above we trace,
 Breathed forth in accents glowing and benign,
 Adapted truly to our state and place:
 To all how apposite the warning given—
 The soul earth-fettered can it enter heaven ?

Love not the world ! Its pleasures and its joys,
 What are they ? syrens singing to deceive;
 Vain fancy fruit, no sooner plucked than cloys,
 And o'er her Folly leaves the heart to grieve:
 Believe not youth, but reverently inquire
 The truth, if dubious, from the aged sire.

Love not the world ! ah, why in riches trust ?
 Precarious duping foibles of a day;
 To-morrow may your golden heaps, as dust
 Before the blast, for ever pass away,
 Involving in their flight that fatal hour,
 All earthly honour, dignity, and power.

Love not the world ! its artifice beware!

What are its friendships ? counterfeits at best:

Its promises, though lavish, false as fair,

And daggers to the unsuspecting breast;

Dealt are its favours with the hope of gain,

As to the soil committed is the grain.

Love not the world ! O wretched lust indeed !

As streams, augmenting, to the ocean roll,

Thus spreads the simoom with devouring speed,

Shedding a leafless desert o'er the soul,

And dooming, by its baneful Stygian breath,

Her fairest blossoms to eternal death.

Love not the world ! else then for ever part

With all that God can love, and man revere,

With all that glads with future hope the heart,

And reconciles it with its sorrows here.

Be wise to-day, to-morrow lest too late:

How fleeting man e'en in his best estate.

Love not the world ! the counsel be it yours—

Ye who would share in that bright realm above

The life which through eternity endures—

For know the world repels the Father's love,

And ever must the wretched soul exclude

From Him, the Fountain of eternal good.

ODE TO THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou mighty and majestic Deep !
 Give me to wander by thy lonely shore,
 Where the foam-crested billows thundering roar,
 Lashing the basement of the rocky steep.
 Hail to their hoarse, tremendous music, hail !
 How swells that surgy cadence on the soul !
 Whose luring power, deep melancholy wail,
 Seem all her ruder passions to control,
 Spontaneously inspiring there devotion :
 I ever loved, and ever will, the Ocean.

If aught beneath the eternal throne of Heaven
 With true sublimity the soul can fire,
 Or with a reverential awe inspire,
 To thee alone that property is given.
 Though seemingly resistless rollest thou,
 Yet hath Omnipotence His veto laid
 Upon thy power—a word, and even now
 Thy proudest billows instantly are stayed :
 Ne'er hast thou passed that latitude, indeed,
 Which rectitude unerring hath decreed.

Vast, glorious mirror, circling sublime,
 From age to age, from pole to pole, the world,
 Mocking those shafts of fate against her hurled,
 Rolling defiance on the power of Time.

Ten thousand fleets have plough'd thine azure
breast,
Tempest on tempest raved, and storm on storm
Have howled destruction, and have sunk to rest;
Yet what affects thine all-enduring form?
Unchanged, unchangeable thou roll'st this hour
As first from chaos by omnific power.

Stupendous, boundless, horrible abyss,
Where sceptred Terror holds her dismal sway;
Creation's dread residuum, where day
Thy realms cimmerian never dawned to bless;
Where in dire labyrinths of caves profound,
Rocks, hideous glens, and chasms vast unknown,
Slumber oblivious, by the world disowned,
The awful spoils of years and ages gone—
The flower of nations, and the boast of kings,
Unvalued wealth, unutterable things.

Nor to those endless wrecks of endless fate,
War, tempest, casualties of every kind,
Are thy exhaustless, mystic stores confined,
Transcending, baffling every estimate.
Strange, as with being swarms the Summer
beam,
Thy pisculent recesses everywhere
With multifarious forms and natures teem,
Which freely flounce and sport idoneous there,
Where huge voracious leviathans roam,
And other nameless monsters find a home.

In thee, though overwhelming the displays
 Of knowledge, wisdom, skill, and power divine,
 Thy agency in Nature's grand design,
 The Godhead universally betrays,
 Under that glorious first efficient cause
 Of all in time and through eternity,
 By means of definite material laws,
 What wonderful effects we reasoning see
 Around us, as by incantation rise
 To challenge admiration and surprise !

Great source of vapour and descent of rain,
 Whence rivers roll, and brooks meand'ring
 flow,
 Earth to adorn, unmeasured boons bestow
 On millions ere they reach their fount again;
 While woods their vernal loveliness renew,
 The fields luxuriant crown the labourer's toil;
 O'er hill and dale bright flowers of every hue
 In sweet profusion captivating smile;
 Unblessed by thee, what were this world ? A vast,
 Dull, lifeless solitude—an arid waste.

Still, as a part of one harmonious whole,
 We further thy utility behold;
 From shore to shore what blessings hast thou rolled
 Since lighted Science the adventurous soul
 O'er thy pellucid, billowy expanse !
 What throngs unnumbered enterprising float,
 The golden ends of commerce to advance,

And knowledge and refinement to promote—
 Whence spring distinction, honour, power, and
 fame,
 All in a nation worthy of a name.

Hence hath immortal glory Albion crowned—
 Dear home of freedom, intellect, and worth—
 Though once obscure, now envy of the earth;
 The Queen, the paragon of nations owned,
 Her mandates, why so honoured and revered,
 When duty calls her arm to interpose ?
 Whence her security, her power unpeered,
 And signal conquests over all her foes ?
 But to such axioms why for answers call ?
 Familiar to a child are one and all.

Then hail, thou mighty and majestic Deep !
 Give me to wander by thy lonely shore,
 Where the foam-crested billows thundering roar,
 Lashing the basement of the rocky steep.
 Hail to their hoarse, tremendous music, hail !
 How swells that surgy cadence on the soul,
 Whose luring power, deep melancholy wail,
 Seem all her ruder passions to control,
 Spontaneously inspiring their devotion:
 I ever loved, and ever will, the Ocean.

THE CHRISTIAN.

(A)VER the emblem of Thy body broken,
 Over the symbol of Thy blood once shed,
 I pledge allegiance, and renew the token
 Of love to Thee, my ever-living Head;
 But, ah ! how cold and feeble that of mine,
 Compared, O Saviour, with that love of Thine !

A love divine, eternal, overflowing—
 A love impartial, free, and unconfined,
 Unmerited, and no mutation knowing,
 Longing to bless the whole of human kind;
 In these memorials, with the eye of faith,
 Seen are its triumphs even unto death.

But, O my soul, in humble exultation,
 Rejoice in all it hath achieved for thee:
 In it behold the seal of thy salvation,
 Pardon, and power, o'er all hostility:
 Peace, immortality, are now thy own—
 A golden harp, an all-enduring crown.

• Thrice blessed boon, all estimate transcending—
 Gratuitous, but to the Donor dear.
 Worthy, O is He, praises never ending;
 All glory, homage, gratitude sincere:
 Such condescension who can fully scan ?
 Wonder, O angels, and adore, O man.

Hence having in Thy tabernacle holy
 Again avouched Thee as my all in all,
 Let me abjure a world of sin and folly,
 That ne'er it may again my soul enthral:
 Teach me, O Lord, and guide where'er I roam,
 Till safe in joy I reach my promised home.

—•—

TO MY DOG NAILER.

CAN this heart forget thee ? never !
 Is not there thy name enshrined ?
 Yes: I love thee, and will ever,
 Favourite of the canine kind.

Dear to me thy freaks and rambles—
 Dear as light and life to me;
 Through the woodland's furze and brambles
 Winding, bounding ever free.

Ever faithful and devoted—
 Bribeless ever night and day;
 The trust which once to thee allotted,
 Who by wiles could filch away ?

Who in violence dares to venture
 E'er thy master to assail;
 Thy growling interdict to enter
 Who once ever saw thee fail ?

Compared with thine, alas, how shaded
 All our loves and social ties,
 How fragile, easily invaded,
 Even by the breath that flies.

Would thy example could we follow,
 Happy even here our lot;
 What faithless vows, or friendships hollow,
 E'er the human name would blot ?

Can this heart forget thee? never !
 Is not there thy name enshrined ?
 Yes: I love thee, and will ever,
 Favourite of the canine kind.

—○○—

THE FREE KIRK.

“ He is the freeman whom the Truth makes free.”
Cowper.

THROUGH Caledonia's wide domain
 A holy war's begun again,
 Then let ilk honest son maintain
 His father's cause,
 And Knox's banner never stain
 While breath he draws;

But wield the Gospel sword on high,
 And swear to conquer or to die
 For Zion's sake—but, by-the-bye,

I mean the Free,
 Whase zeal and worth nane can deny,
 And purity.

Though earth and hell may her assail,
 Nae power against her shall prevail;
 For och that blasting mortal hail,
 What can withstand,
 Shot by her Gospel guns, the wail
 O' Scotia's land?

In spite o' a' opposing clamours,
 There Bishop C——h and Pope C——mers,
 Whase zeal, and wit, and classic grammars,
 And schemes, and quirks,
 And heavy pithy logic hammers,
 Can douce the Kirks.

But hear what T——e has to say,
 And legal C——h——m, I pray;
 What eloquence can theirs gainsay
 In ony plea?
 They're ever sure to win the day,
 As a' may see.

That spirit-stirring son o' thunder,
 How zealous G——e gaurs us wonder,

Whase red-hot bolts waud rive asunder,
 E'en wa's o' brass;
 He mines ilk legal Zion under—
 Fient ane he'll pass.

Till down they tumble a' in heaps,
 And out ilk holy humbug creeps;
 Wi' conscience' besom a' he sweeps,
 Stock, lock, and barrel,
 Down headlong to the deepest deeps,
 To end the quarrel.

Thus deals he, in his rev'rend pleasure,
 Wi' a' his woe-doomed shrines o' Cæsar,
 And shows the Court o' Session's plea, sir,
 To claim them a'
 Was proved, and hence she made a seizure
 O' ane and a'.

And thus invaded Christ's dominion—
 His right to reign in his opinion—
 Yea, brak that hallowed mystic union
 'Tween Him and them,
 Sa that His throne nae mair He's seen in—
 O fie ! O shame !

On sic revolting usurpation
 He heaps his blasting imprecation,
 And damns sic acts o' legislation,
 Which a' can tell,
 And shows, in learned disputation,
 They sprang frae hell.

Then blesses that immortal day,
 The guid frae Egypt cam away,
 And left their auld flesh pats a prey
 To greedy dogs—
 Nae langer could the chosen stay
 Amang sic rogues.

Triumphant, glorious, Virtue's model,
 Wi' ne'er a grumble i' their noddle,
 Like Lucky Lot, ne'er cared a boddle
 For leaving hame,
 Though back she glowered as she did toddle—
 Wha could her blame ?

Look to the sacrifices made—
 What flow'ry hopes in dust were laid !
 Then laud the game the worthies played,
 Baith far and near,
 That faith and zeal by them displayed,
 True and sincere.

Nae cursed ambition, lust o' gain,
 Or selfish motives, haunt their brain !
 Sic things their holy hearts disdain,
 Their lives can prove,
 Which stamp them martyrs o'er again,
 For truth and love.

Their Monthly Statements, when I see,
 How modestly they urge their plea !

O could I half as gratefu' be
 For favours past,
 Or sae contented as the Free
 Frae first to last !

They ken this warld is but a show,
 And a' is vanity below;
 Its glories fade as melts the snow,
 Or flowers that die,
 And no worth having weel they know,
 They but belie.

A better country they desire,
 Like their auld douce and faithfu' Sire,
 And joys that never shall expire,
 But ever new:
 Nae other bliss their bosoms fire—
 They ken it's true.

But since they've left their wine and oil,
 Their stainless honour not to soil,
 Some think their pat will purely boil—
 They see it plain;
 But God ne'er bade his servants toil
 For him in vain.

Ye wicked worthless, void o' grace,
 How dare ye think sa o' the race ?
 Sic spite is but a puir solace
 To ane and a'.

They soon may on ye turn the chase,
 And jink ye a'.

For mind the time is comin' roun',
 When they wha grace the sacred gown,
 And wear blessed Freedom's glorious crown,
 Shall sing for joy,
 And crush a' opposition down,
 And foes destroy.

Already Scotia's worth be praised,
 Her charity abroad be blazed;
 Frae her auld pouch a fund is raised
 For biggin' Zion—
 Wha soon nae mair will be abased,
 Her saunts are crying.

Sae we'll hae routh o' kirks at last,
 Frae north to south, frae east to wast;
 Nae Cæsar then their zeal will blast
 Wi' interdicts—
 Nor cursed decrees by hell-hounds past—
 They're a' to Styx.

God speed the efforts o' thy ain,
 And may their sources never drain,
 May ne'er a doubt disturb their brain,
 Or fears annoy !
 They'll bring their capestane, it is plain,
 Soon forth wi' joy.

Lichts o' the warld, but wait a wee,
 And meanwhile tak advice frae me,

Then gaur as mony o' the Free
 As e'er ye can
 Big their ain kirks, and naething gie—
 The safest plan.

Ne'er mind the country's cleishmaclavers,
 Nae vile defamatory havers;
 Heav'n crown your frugal, wise endeavours
 Wi' great success.
 The mair ye get, ye rev'rent savers,
 Aye gie the less.

Ye little ken what ye may need
 Your Maister's noble cause to speed;
 Sae mind the clink, tak muckle heed
 Aye how ye spend it:
 Though foes misca' it holy greed,
 Yet I'll defend it.

Heaven speed your fund o' Sustentation !
 Weel may it work throughout the nation;
 And may that worthy deputation
 To foreign parts,
 Plead weel your cause in fine oration,
 And move their hearts:

Yea, melt them a' to love and zeal,
 By mony a lang and loud appeal,
 And toom their pouches for your weal—
 And why for not ?
 Your ain ye emptied like a creel—
 It's no forgot.

And O ye legates frae above,
 Spur weel at hame—your cause is love:
 Cry Give, Re-give; ye weel can prove
 It's for God's glory!
 Though aye the mair they to ye shove,
 The better for ye.

Deil aye on earth can say ye nay,
 As ye twa millions threw away,
 Upon that conscience-trying day,
 Ne'er to deplore it,
 But gaur them now restore 't, I pray,
 Though they should borrow 't.

To hae it back is just and right,
 O wha daur say your loss was light?
 Then never rest baith day and night,
 But urge your claim
 Upon the Free wi' a' your might,
 And think nae shame.

Lay on your lash, and dinna spare,
 They need it a', and muckle mair,
 Though sometimes ye cut rather sair,
 I maun confess;
 But, be your actions foul or fair,
 Ye ne'er transgress.

Ye godly few, tak nae excuse,
 Lest they your mercy should abuse;

Insist upon your lawfu' dues,
And ne'er be stintet;
For, please your reverence, in my views,
You're far ahint yet.

Ye little ken the begging knack,
Else sooner might ye ha'e it back,
Which wad again make up your pack,
And gaur ye craw,
And syne ye might your fingers crack,
At ane and a'.

As independent wad ye be,
Ye stars and pillars o' the Free,
And soon, ye worthies, may ye see
That happy day !
The glorious pocket jubilee,
I humbly pray.

My blessings on ye now, in fine;
In gear and grace lang may ye shine,
To be an honour to the line,
By your example;
And on your end may peace divine
Rest rich and ample.

TO A CHILD WHILE SLEEPING.

PEACE to thy slumbers, let me sing,
Dear little playful, happy thing;
Thy prattle over, now alone,
Sleep, lovely cherub, soft sleep on !
How magic on that mien of thine
The mirror'd rose and lily twine !
What imaged innocence we trace,
With every other native grace,
Blending and varying, glorious bright,
Like rays of pure, unmixed light !
How with such fascinating charms,
Spell-bound the heart instinctive warms !
Devoutly would I bow the knee,
In Nature's homage now to thee.
Dear source of many sighs and prayers,
Fountain of fears and endless cares,
Embryo of hope, sweet promise young
Of joys by Fancy fondly sung.
Fair pilgrim in the porch of life,
Strange to its turmoil and its strife,
The griefs, the sorrows that assail,
And here humanity impale;
The perils that ensconce our way,
As through life's howling wild we stray:
But ah ! should Heaven with thee forbear,
And deign thy fragile form to spare,

Thy fairy loveliness, alas !
 Doomed as the flower's, like it shall pass.
 And ah ! indeed, how brief the while !
 Ere sighs and sobs supplant the smile,
 Soon shalt thou find—who finds it not ?—
 At best a vale of tears thy lot.

—••—

THE CREATION.

 SUPPLICATE not here those powers of thine,
 My Muse, immortal Clio, to inspire;
 But the grand hero of my theme divine,
 May He alone now string my Epic lyre,
 And touch my lips with coals of living fire
 From His own altar, that it may be mine,
 Though but of yesterday, to image forth
 His majesty eternal, and adore
 The peerless glories of Infinite Power.

Stupendous enigma, o'erwhelming thought,
 Ere yet Time's sapping streams began to flow,
 And Nature into being first was brought,
 Ere lighted was yon sun, or learned to glow,
 Six thousand changeful misty years ago,
 O'er the eternal barren womb of nought,
 The Sovereign Omnipotent I AM
 His golden rod forth stretched, at His decree
 Emerged the elements of all that be.

In darkness wrapt this void-suspended world
A heterogeneous mass still slumbering lay,
O'er which the empyreal essence hovering hurled
Forth by His fiat first the gladdening day,
A word—its new-born beams began to play,
And night's cimmerian curtains next were furled,
Which the Omnific, with approving smile
Of wisdom and complacency, surveyed,
In all the pomp of majesty arrayed.

Above the dread terraqueous profound,
By His imperial and supreme behest,
Heaven's azure canopy next rose around,
With fleecy clouds bright mantling o'er its breast,
Beneath whose silvery fantastic crest
Aquatic treasures secretly He bound,
Young vestal Nature subsequent to nurse,
By their resuscitating genial powers,
In bland libations of distilling showers.

At His primordial and august command
The liquid element obsequious rolled;
Next to its grand receptacle the land,
A spongy, sinking labyrinth of mould,
With bosom unprolific yet and cold,
Arose beneath His talismanic hand,
Which with a vernal flowery robe He flushed,
And hence with trees and shrubs adorned profuse,
With properties their kinds to reproduce.

Again announced that high and holy One,
Who filleth all eternity and time,
Let there be lights—their radiant beams be thrown
The fairy world across from clime to clime;
Then by his power all glorious and sublime,
Synchronous with His will forth glowing shone,
The sun the day, the moon the night to rule,
Unnumbered orbs of ether burning bright
Proclaimed in silent eloquence His might.

Beneath of His omniscient eye the glance,
As paramountly good thus all arose,
Still farther still His glory to advance,
Eternal Goodness all benignly chose
Anew His godlike wonders to disclose,
By His anomalous munificence,
In lavishly with life repleting all:
Whose multifarious infinite displays
Defy conception and transcend all praise.

He spoke, the liquid fathomless abyss
Its finny nations at His mandate poured,
While by that all-creative power of His,
O mystery, and ne'er to be explored !
With being gay the ambient vast He stored,
To revel there in liberty and bliss,
Which glorious with His benediction bland,
As good He crowned, and hence on all enjoined
To propagate and multiply their kind.

Though by His wisdom and unrivalled might,
Their spangled splendours bright the heavens
displayed,

Though earth unfolded then unknown to blight,
Her scenes in pristine loveliness arrayed,
Still a desideratum all betrayed:

None from immortal Reason's hallowed light
Could yet appreciate, enjoy, or love,
Nor homage yet, at Nature's holy shrine,
Her universal Architect Divine.

Hence to supply in being's endless chain
That link essential of unvalued worth—
To perfect all, and gloriously maintain
A moral sympathy 'tween heaven and earth,
Man the eternal Triune summoned forth,
Immaculate, to life without a stain,
With conscious innocence supremely blessed—
Who, while through Eden's fragrant bowers he trod,
Reflected bright the image of his God.

Who then amid the joys ecstatic there
Himself by daily intercourse revealed,
To him the honoured fondling of His care,
Heaven consecrated and divinely sealed
As Nature's holy high-priest, and to wield
Over all life on earth, in sea, and air;
To him the sceptre of all power he gave,
His food, his raiment, copious to supply,
And every want and wish to gratify.

This consummated, the stupendous whole
 Appeared as supereminently good;
 Harmonious, owning all the grand control
 Of boundless knowledge, skill, and rectitude,
 Which, when adoring seraphs had reviewed,
 One common transport thrilled through every soul,
 All with celestial acclamations rang;
 Hence passed the sixth in rapture thus away—
 Jehovah rested on the seventh day.

—○—

A S C O L D.

EVER galling, bawling, brawling
 With a hellish-like delight—
 Ever fretting, hating, fating,
 Cursing all from morn to night.

Ever mumbling, grumbling, stumbling
 Fiendish on my corny toes—
 Ever ready, greedy, speedy
 Every failing to expose.

Ever trying, lying, flying
 Everywhere me to defame—
 Ever warping, harping, carping,
 Glorying to damn my name.

Imp of darkness, reckless fury,
 By the rudest passions tossed,
 Long to feeling, duty, honour,
 Long to every virtue lost.

Living bane of every pleasure,
 Pall of every joy to me,
 Adieu, for now dissolved for ever
 Sympathy 'tween you and me.

—oo—

TO THE HONOURABLE
 COMMISSIONERS OF COLDSTREAM.

MOST honoured, most illustrious band,
 Our civic satraps ! hat in hand,
 Lang health to our Commission grand,
 My prayer is fervent:
 May a' that's guid ye aye attend,
 Ye're weel deservin 't.

Our hand-waled few wha Caldstream mense,
 The cream o' a' her wit and sense,
 To flattery I hae nae pretence,
 Nor irony;
 Sae Heaven forbid ye e'er offence
 Should tak at me.

I spurn, I hate them, and abhor,
And aye the naked truth adore;
Hence, whether I may sink or soar,
 My guid opinion
I'll still maintain, damn and deplore
 Ilk servile minion.

I glory in extolling merit,
And aye where praise is due confer it;
A public, independent spirit,
 Ye will allow,
Is just what rulers should inherit,
 But mair sae you.

And farther, to adorn your station,
What subtle powers o' penetration,
What wisdom, what discrimination,
 Ye surely need,
Lest sic a dizzy elevation
 Should turn your head.

But, please your honours, dinna fear,
Ye hae them a', and mair, I swear;
As oracles, baith far and near,
 Ye shine fu' braw;
But wi' a double lustre here,
 Anent the law.

Frae beds the finest marble torn,
E'en diamonds frae Golconda borne,

The purest gold that can adorn
The monarch's crown,
To art their charms they owe in turn;
This a' maun own.

But vain for genius formal rules—
Away the drudgery of schools;
Ye ne'er required sic stappin' stools,
Nor took sic pains,
As Nature's counterfeits and fools,
To rack your brains.

O why attempt the snaw to whiten,
Or the meridian sun to lighten ?
And just as sure as I'm inditin',
And wondrous silly,
To try the rainbow's tints to brighten,
Or "paint the lily."

Wi' double reverence be it spoken,
Cursed be the wretch that daurs to mock on,
Has Caldstream no had every token,
I need na hint it,
That you by Nature, without jokin',
Aff hand were minted ?

But wae's me !—damn ingratitude,—
Forgie my zeal, if reckoned rude,
Ye patriots for the public good,
Despite your pains,

Stand still as others aft hae stood,
And count your gains.

I mourn, alas ! your ill-starred fate,
E'en do your best, baith ear' and late;
Base envy, ignorance and hate,
Will still ye blame;
Your worth, your honour, underrate,
And blast your name.

Ye stars in Caldstream's moral sky,
For instance, and without a lie,
'Twas but yestreen as I passed by,
I'll no say where;
But had ye heard, oh fie ! oh fie !.
Their lingo there.

Eneugh, aye mair I will engage,
It living Moses to enrage,
Or Matthew Hale, your patron sage,
To heard sic crew
Traduce our grand Commission stage
Till a' was blue.

Or Board, your Worships, I'm mistaken:
In very wrath my nieve is shaken—
"What hae they dune," they'll spier," as makin',
Humbuggin', piddlin',
Teazin' us till our souls are achin',
Our pouches diddlin'.

“Was not our toon as weel afore—
As trig, as clean, ay, rather more ?
Shame on the credit o’ the core
Wi’ a’ their power:
Lord, send us soon, we now implore,
A rattlin’ shower.

“ Commissioners, what but a name ?
The Act a hoax let a’ proclaim,
A hell-forged gibbet for their fame,
By jing, they’ll find it—
The partial cringing gang the same,
As I’ve divined it.

“Just twig yon strutting, harnessed tool—
Yon counter-knighted fop and fool,
‘Side Winter-face, wi’ square and rule:
I’d send the ganers
Ance mair to Willie’s skelpin’ school
To mend their manners.”

Doon wi’ that duckdub, captious warlin’,
That hairbrained imp eternal snarlin’,
And blast yon cod-head, drouthy carlin’,
He’s but a blether;
Twad suit him better, than sic quarr’llin’,
To rax his leather.

Again, confound sic clitter clatters;
What skill hae they in burgh matters ?

I'm sure they're saxty times your debtors;
And by the Act
I'd teach them rev'rence for their betters,
The lawless pack.

By a' that's guid, lay on the rod,
Which *Thamas* says he gat frae God—
Though his opinion rather odd
To some appear—
Yet never hick, till at your nod
The devils fear.

'Tis aye the readiest way to reason,
When puir folk thus get out o' season:
"What hae they dune?"—blasphemy, treason—
Yea, warse than that:
By Jupiter, sirs, if ye please, sune
I'll show them what.

"What hae they dune?" what hae they not?
What were we ere the Act we got?
Hoo daur ye harbour sic a thought,
Ye sons o' bitches?
O base philanthropy thy lot
Among sic wretches.

"What hae they dune?" look through our town,
Syne ne'er upon our rulers frown;
How nice we're cribbet a' ye'll own,
And paved and spooted,

And which our "moral dub and loan"
Sublimely suited.

Hence for sic benefits ilk lairdie,
Your double thanks to them award ye;
What though they took ye by the bairdie
In fleecing tussle?
'Twas for your guid: refuse hoo daur ye
To pay the whistle?

And mark the sanitary air
Our streets, our lanes, and closes wear;
To show their vigilance be fair,
Just tak a sample—
For "Zion Lane" ye needna care
As an example.

Just tak our ain, our famous street,
Or e'en the new, as clean and neat—
Nae middens rank and file we meet
Our wrath to raise,
Sae weel deservin' is the fleet
The meed o' praise.

Again, nae mair in public parts
We peel our shanks o'er trams o' carts,
When social Islay glads our hearts,
And toil is o'er;
I'm sure, wi' a' our takin' arts,
They were a bore.

Noo let your cart stand, if ye choose,
 Puir sinner, there when day shall close,
 Syne Clap-trap hauls ye by the nose,
 Baith keen and crouse aye—
 Afore our Court, let Mack disclose
 Hoo they will souce ye.

Though gigs and coaches are excepted,
 'Tis only what may be expected:
 Let Justice ever be respected—
 Distinctions draw—
 Why should our gentles be restricted
 By sic a law ?

A fig for a' your worth and wit—
 What will they ser' ye ? feint a whit;
 But first o' a' your gettin' get
 The ready tin,
 Syne do whate'er ye may think fit—
 Ye canna sin.

Be up, be zealous, richt or wrang,
 Ne'er mind their Pharisaic slang:
 What's conscience noo ?—a parrot's sang—
 The legless mere,
 Ye ken the blunt will gaur her gang,
 But gallop here.

Wae's me for him, 'neth poortith's load !
 That essence o' the curse o' God !

By saunt, by sinner, loathed as odd—
Disdained and shunned—
Till sheltered by the friendly sod
By devils dunned.

That poverty will tame a bear,
Let yon poor worthless wight declare,
And curse the leechin' pranks o' Air,
And sich and wail
How few a dinner noo will spare,
Or hear his tale.

Still, wha for him can pity plead,
Wha ne'er yet sympathised in need,
But when a brother begged for bread,
He gave a stone ?
In his a Haman's doom we read,
And Justice own.

Except like D——, that ace o' fellows,
Noo pechin' at the devil's bellows,
Though merited, he missed the gallows—
But och nae mair;
His punishment, his Cain looks tell us,
He scarce can bear.

But stop, my Pegasus; be wise—
We personalities despise.
Should ony such here recognise,
I will be vex't,

And tell him, if a priest, he lies;
But to our text.

And that is gas; in order right
It follows next, hail to its light !
That cheers the murkiest Winter night,
 To ane and a';
Wi' it, can ony mouthin' wight
 Noo find a flaw ?

Yet will the miscreants loud compleen,
Anent our bonnie lamps at e'en ?
Foul fa' your impudence and spleen,
 To say they twinkle,
Like honest rulers, far atween—
 Fie ! Mr Drinkwell.

Again my Muse her temper loses,
As she to them your worth discloses:
O ye immortal virtuoses,
 Ne'er mind their havers,
While common sense her faith reposes
 On your endeavours.

But mark me, ilk commissioned chap,
I'll show ye hoo to shut their trap:
Ye hae a feather i' your cap,
 Baith bright and trim,
Point to Leet Green, I wad a bap,
 'Twill douce their glim.

Weel may ye do't wi' muckle mense,
Aye wi' unblushin' confidence,
There ony blockhead at a glance,
Will own your merit,
And praise ye, sirs, as men o' sense
And public spirit.

What was it ere your reign began ?
A common lazaret—a ban—
A waste conveniency for man
Pursued by nature,
When every filthy devil ran,
And needfu' creature.

But, sirs, ance mair I beg ye hear,
The question's delicate I fear;
About the "ready" will they speer,
Ye ken the clink;
What right hae they to interfere,
Or e'en to think ?

But, sirs, I'm sick o' this effusion,
Sae to your honour, in conclusion,

I'd to the papers mak allusion:
 I think it fit;
 There satisfaction to profusion
 They'll yearly get.

Hence now we part—shake hands—“ Guid-day,”
 And lang may ye be spared, I pray,
 Our burgh sceptre right to sway,
 And rule us a'
 And keep your enemies at bay,
 By dint o' law.

—oo—

TO A LAMB.

LAIL, loveliest blossom of the Spring,
 Sweet little skipping, happy thing,
 Young native of the fleecy fold,
 Of modesty the living mould,
 Dear type of gentleness unfeigned,
 Incarnate innocence unstained,
 Bright symbolising, as we find,
 The Lamb who bled for human-kind;
 Hence round thy honoured name entwine
 Associations all divine.
 How free, how unalloyed indeed
 Thy gambols o'er the flowery mead !

Unlike to me, with thee the past
No sorrows, no regrets o'ercast,
Nor fears the future pall for thee:
How blessed, alas ! compared with me;
Pleased with the present—it alone:
The passing hour is all thy own !
Ah ! how secure, whate'er betide,
Reclining by affection's side,
Luxuriating, as thy wont,
At Nature's bland maternal fount;
Or culling wantonly the blade
Beneath the fragrant hawthorn's shade.
Skip on, skip on ! thrice dear to me
Thy freaks and frolics, mirth and glee,
Whose charms mysterious soft impart
A holy freshness to the heart,
Awaking joys which else had slept,
As if its strings an angel swept.
But, ah ! sweet charming creature, here
How brief, how fleeting thy career !
What though the future Mercy veil
What ills await thee to assail,
How dark the hour that dooms indeed
Such innocence and bliss to bleed;
Ah ! soon beneath the ruthless blade
A mangled wreck shalt thou be laid.

REFLECTIONS ON THE YEAR 1848.

“ Think, or think we not, time hurries on.”

Blair.

ANOTHER year has fled—ah! fled for ever!

Cold January's blast loud scowls again,
Sweeping the bleak fields and the spated river,

Howling across the cheerless russet plain;
Leafless and rueful o'er the tomb of Nature,

The trees like statues seem to sigh dismay;
Insipid now the landscape's every feature,

And mute the woodland minstrel's mellow lay;
Blasted, enwrapt in universal death,
The flowers no more bespangle sweet our path.

Another year has fled—sad thoughts recalling—

Thoughts Nature each revolving year renews;
Truths ever on the heart impressive falling,

Hail, Nature, holy text-book of the Muse!
Alone her homilies I love to ponder;

They have a power, a pathos, dear to me:
How soothing to the soul the woods to wander,

And soar instinctive to the Deity!
'Tis here from man debasing folly flies—
The gay grows serious, and the scoffer wise.

Another year has fled—who recognises

Not that close sympathy which Nature bears

To life—how eloquent she harmonizes
With all our sublunary vain affairs ?
Our fondled hopes and joys, how frail and fleeting,
Fitful as gleams before the gathering storm;
Or mark them mirrored, while the blast is beating,
Bright in the rainbow's evanescent form;
Yea ! read through Nature everywhere unfurled,
The transitory glory of the world !

Another year has fled—how memory stranges,—
Since hailed the sun its inauspicious birth,
What thrilling dire vicissitudes and changes
Have swept and marred this melancholy earth,
And mighty Europe to her centre shaken,
Thrones, dynasties, and tyrants overthrown,
Nations convulsed, all law, restraint forsaken;
Vast cities with the dead and dying strewn,
Whose shrivelled grandeur gloomy to this hour,
Betrays Rebellion's dread unsparing power.

Another year has fled—still grave reflection,
Appalled as Nature, sorrows o'er the past,
Which images to hallowed recollection
But scenes with lowering shadows overcast.
Heaven o'er the earth, in holy indignation,
The phial of His vengeance dark hath shed;
O'er Albion dear of death and desolation,
That subtle minister his wings hath spread;
How many hearts and homes where summer smiled,
Now miniature the howling wintry wild !

Another year has fled—oh ! righteous Heaven,
When shall it cease to be regretted here,
How many ties hath Fate asunder riven,
Associations to the bosom dear !
How many hopes are blasted, idols broken,
Sighs wrung, and tears from Nature's fount have
rolled !

With nameless farewells, solemn as the token !
Our lonely desert hearths, alas ! behold;
Or to Oblivion's empire, ah ! repair,
And mourn the symbolled devastation there.

Another year has fled—strange Thy forbearing,
Dread Power Divine ! imperilled though I be,
Frail shadow of a shade, in mercy sparing,
Still thy omnipotence environs me,
Over my folly and my frailty yearning,
With sympathy paternal year to year,
Thou wildest, wishest, longest my returning
To duty, peace, and all that can endear
In Thy immortal and elysian home,
A wayworn exile, here no more to roam.

Another year has fled—on its monition,
My soul in gratitude and hope repose;
While Pity's hands are open in contrition,
Be wise—with all her hallowed offers close.
If sottish on a precipice to slumber,
Or in the merging bark while tempests blow,
What better he who fails his days to number,

How soon the fated shaft may lay him low !
 Lord, what is man ? and what is life ?—a dream—
 A visionary air-bell on the stream.

Another year has fled of our probation,

Another milestone passed upon the road,
 Conducting to perdition or salvation,

Self-chosen either—Belial or God,
 Hear or forbear—realities tremendous !

Soon must the judgment's awful scenes evolve,
 In pomp supreme, eternal and stupendous,

And Time expire, and Nature's self dissolve;
 When he that's filthy, filthy shall remain,
 Or holy, shall that character sustain.

—•—

TWELVE O'CLOCK—MIDNIGHT.

“The bell strikes one: we take no note of time,
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
 Is wise in man.”

Dr Young.

THE clock strikes twelve !—with melancholy pleasure,
 Hail to its solemn monitory chime !
 'Tis sweet betimes the winged hours to measure,
 And take in solitude a note of time—
 To ascertain our progress or delay,
 As pilgrims posting o'er a dubious way.

The clock strikes twelve!—wrapt in a death-like slumber,

The gay, the busy world encircles me:
Joy fails to charm, care ceases to encumber,

And silence reigns in sable livery,
Save the lone owl, which from yon frowning steep
In mournful requiem Nature seems to weep.

The clock strikes twelve!—night is the time for weeping—

To hallow with a holy tear the past,
To sigh o'er memories oblivious sleeping,

Dear loves and hopes the grave alone could blast,
And leave the bosom desolate to mourn,
O'er bliss departed never to return.

The clock strikes twelve!—in this dark vale of sadness,

Since last it struck what changes have transpired?
How many hearts that glowed with love and gladness

Are, as the marble, cold and uninspired;
While others, sad impaled with griefs and woes,
Where sorrows are unknown have found repose!

The clock strikes twelve!—momentous contemplation!

Who knows, but Heaven, if e'er these ears again
On earth may tingle with the like sensation!

To-morrow's boast, e'en with the best how vain!
What pledge, what guarantee has he for life,
Environed by the battle's mortal strife?

The clock strikes twelve!—prophetic'ly revealing
 The awful twelve of Nature hastens on:
 Soon must I hear its dismal thunders pealing,
 And her tremendous, deep expiring groan;
 Oh! for that august unexampled hour
 Prepare thou me, O thou Eternal Power!



ELEGY ON THE MEMORY OF JOHN BROWN,

Of Coldstream, Newtown.

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”—*Rev. xiv. 13.*

AULD Johnny's win awa at last,
 Frae simmer's heat and winter's blast:
 Life's toils and troubles a' are past
 Wi' him for ever,
 Wha in auld Lennel snoozes fast,
 By Tweed's fair river.

O mourn, Newtown, baith lang and sair!
 Your douce, auld trusty frien's nae mair;
 What can on earth the slap repair
 That Death has made,
 When Johnny's snug bit biggin there
 He did invade?

For mother wit and worth, true fame
 Has wi' a halo crown'd his name;
 His faith and hope were free frae blame,
 And richly given;
 While young and auld can test they came
 Direct frae heaven.

His gashin' jokes nae mair we'll hear—
 His cracks and stories, odd and queer,
 Which neebours round did a' revere,
 Sa hamely spun;
 His like, I doubt, will ne'er appear
 Aneth the sun.

Nae mair he'll wander by Tweedside,
 Where Nature smiles in flowery pride,
 And ee the rowin' spated tide,
 Wi' his bit creel,
 Nor wi' the samont hameward glide
 Packed snod and weel.

Mourn, Lennel Haugh, your frien's awa;
 And great Haugh now your sorrow shaw;
 And dreeper, twizel, boat and a',
 O loudly wail !
 And thou unequalled lovely Craw,
 Lament my tale.

Ye trees that skirt yon rocky brae,
 Ye whin-clad heights, your dool display;

Ilk cowslip that bedecked his way
Now hang thy head;
And ilka primrose tribute pay
To him that's dead.

To swell the dirge, ye warbling thrang,
Changed be your notes o' praise and sang;
For woe and wailing loud and lang
The hail day through,
Till echo frae yon woods amang
Respond to you.

But Time her sceptred reign shall yield,
And vanquished Death shall quit the field,
The trumpet tout, when a' concealed
In earth and sea
Shall burst the doors the tyrant sealed,
And be set free.

Then shall our honest Johnny rise,
And wi' the just shall share the prize,
Ayont the stars that gem the skies,
Where joys abound,
And tears nae mair bedim the eyes
O' a' around.

LAMENT FOR THE PREMATURE AND SUDDEN DEATH OF R. T.,

*Supposed to be written while standing over his Grave in Lennel
Churchyard, Coldstream.*

HERE now in lonely sorrow let me mourn,
A friend and brother from my bosom torn.
O hallowed bliss, to me for ever past,
Ecstatic joy, too exquisite to last.
What e'er can soothe my anguish, and impart
Life's former sunshine to the blighted heart ?
How short and fleeting all that life supplies !
" He builds too low who builds beneath the skies."
Mute now the tongue which but so lately charmed
And paralyzed the heart affection warmed.
Those eyes which flashed with intellectual light,
How sightless now, and closed in endless night !
A father's tears may cease for him to flow,
Time neutralize a weeping brother's woe;
A sobbing sister may forget her sigh;
Joy yet illume the promised fair one's eye;
But lonely Friendship ever must deplore
A loss in him, the world can ne'er restore.
No feigned affliction pours her sorrows here;
A bosom mourns o'er all it once held dear.
Years may roll on, but to increase my woe,
As streams enlarge and deepen as they flow.

However o'er life's stormy billows tossed,
His worth I'll homage till the ocean's crossed.
O as I view again his narrow cell,
How sighs the heart the long—the last farewell !

—o—

TO THE MEMORY OF AN OLD FRIEND.

*Written on the discovery of her Burial-Place in
Lennel Churchyard, Coldstream.*

AND oh is such her sacred spot of rest !
Rank waves the grass, and wild the nettle
grows:
No stone records the memory of the blessed,
Nor where her sainted ashes now repose.
Obscure in life, as in the grave obscure,
Alone the vale of poverty she trod—
Her only stay and refuge was her God,
Who gave her at the cross an earnest sure:
Her all through it for ever was secure—
The wish supreme and purpose of her soul.

Friend of my earlier and my happier years,
O can I e'er forget her Christian worth ?
Her love, her care and kindness, hopes and fears
Regarding me, what words can shadow forth ?

But treasured all and hallowed in the heart,
 As jewels fondly cherished are they there
 With all the keenness of the miser's care,
 And all the reverence of the filial part
 From native gratitude; and O the smart
 Which wrung this bosom as we took farewell !

To me indeed how trying was that hour !
 But why the dead in Jesus hopeless mourn ?
 All hail, Religion's sorrow ! soothing power—
 Faith fond anticipates her sure return,
 And nature proves and pledges it to all:
 Yes, soon to life and glory must she wake—
 Like the bright butterfly the tomb forsake.
 From every stain and imperfection free,
 With all the faithful in the grave that be—
 Then shall we meet—but meet to part no more.

—○—

TALE OF A BARBER.

SIR, give attention to my wondrous tale;
 To tickle and amuse it cannot fail.
 But pity him whose weakness you shall see
 With mercy treated to the last degree,
 Throughout the sequel of this truthful story,
 About a Barber, and his way to glory.

Long had he mowed the chin and cropped the hair,
And dressed the wig and ringlets of the fair;
But scant the beards grew, by his vote to those
Whom common sense has stamped as common foes.
While for the vote some said this man of soap
Received the price of many a hairy crop;
And now, in spite of Fortune and of Fame,
Of sullied honour and an honest name,
Aspiring still, determined yet to try
Some other shift when passed the clamour by.
His son, a genius wonderful, profound,
Whose powers astonished all the country round,
He sent for three months to a neighbouring town,
To test his talents and belie the clown;
For some him measured by this ancient rule—
His father's silly, "Dick" must be a fool;
And I for one, I frankly must confess,
No head e'er saw to warrant his success,
For by phrenology it was too plain
The fellow wanted full three-fourths of brain.
The fact to prove, home came ere three months run,
A bungling souter, as the Barber's son.
The hair-brained shaver thought this botch complete,
And took for talent empty self-conceit;
Then by he threw the razor and the pan,
Swearing he ne'er would shave another man;
And now at last two blockheads did unite,
Who scarcely knew their left hand from their right,
To murder hides, in "brogues" to push a trade,
Which oft have cursed the hands that had them made.

Still Fortune on these humbugs seemed to flow,
For many did their patronage bestow,
Forgetting merit, and to justice blind,
Gulled by the "hand-wailed," silly of mankind.
Yet Mr Clutchall would not be content,
But still on novelty his mind was bent.
Another change this brainless dupe desired,
Though void of every quality required,
Yet thought himself a nonsuch, and complete
For anything by blasting self-conceit.
At last he dreamed a fountain opened wide
To slake his selfish thirst, and aid his pride;
For now a Lord, of ancestors renowned
In Scotia's tale, for martial deeds profound,
A butler wanted, qualified and skilled,
And none but adepts proffers were to yield;
Yet he resolved an offer, too, to make,
For hell he'd ransack for a butler's sake.
Presumptuous model, ignorant and blind,
With shallow reason, and benighted mind,
Long known to many as a standing fool,
The public's jest, and of their sport the tool;
That he was fit, or any way endowed
In soul or body, never one allowed;
But in the face of all these truths declared,
This sneaking and audacious ninny dared,
With face unblushing, made of triple brass,
To push his frenzy more to prove the ass.
And having kissed his "rib" at eight that morn,
Who blushed consent, then quick he did adorn

His haggard figure with his Sunday's best,
With shooting-coat, white hat, and stripped vest,
White inexpressibles, and shining shoes,
Hop, step, and leap, he ran to learn the news—
If any rival had made application,
And make his own, high flushed with expectation.
Now having reached the mansion of the great,
And ushered in by one in menial state;
Then for the Butler shortly he inquired,
Who came, and with him to the hall retired;
When seated both and compliments dispensed,
The fool romantic thus his tale commenced:—
“ His Lordship quickly, sir, I wish to see;
My mission's urgent—bring him now to me.”
“ His Lordship, sir,” the Butler then averred,
“ Is scarcely up; by coming soon you erred.
He can't be seen before the hour of two;
Come, take a pinch, and tell me what is new.
We've been acquainted now for many years,
Why look so blunt? you seem oppressed with fears;
As physiognomy in all mankind
Betrays the ruling passions of the mind.”
At last our hero, who all fear denied,
But with his abrupt flippancy replied,
“ You say his Lordship now I cannot see;
I am in haste, and quickly off must be:
Another visit soon to him I'll pay—
My news shall be forthcoming on that day.
But since you press so hard to hear my news,
Point blank, I'll tell you, judge then as you choose;

But do not think me in the least absurd,
And to his Lordship for me drop a word.
I heard that you your office had resigned,
Hence for such honour now I feel inclined;
Of which my delicate and handsome wife,
Fair smiling blossom, comfort of my life,
Approved, and kindly gave me her consent;
Though neighbours laughed, and wondered how I went,
And flung their snow-balls after me afar,
With cursed intent my good design to mar,
Calling me weak and silly with much pains,
As if they took the measure of my brains;
These they denied, and swore my eyes and brow
Bespoke the idiot, and they well knew how
Heaped on me insult with the tongue of scorn,
Calling me nick-names, shocking to be borne,
Enough to vex a saint, inflame a sage,
Provoke their ire, and rouse the dead to rage:
More than would try the patience of a Job,
This ridicule unmeasured of the mob,
Would wake the wrath of Moses meek and mild,
Much more a barber madden and drive wild.
But, sir, you know that I'm accomplished well,
Perhaps much better than I now can tell;
You know his Lordship I can soap and shave
With expedition and deportment grave,
And dress his cranium when it stands in need,
On shortest notice with the greatest speed;
The boots and shoes the son will make and mend,
None can them better do, you may depend.

His clothes to keep I'll take the greatest pains;
But you must show me to erase the stains
And spots of grease, or wine, or drops of oil,
That oft the tablecloth and linen soil.
The silver-plate and glasses well I'll keep—
None knows the good his Lordship then will reap.
The wines to sort, you know I've got the brain,
For well I know both Claret and Champagne;
I'll keep the liquors with a saving hand,
A leader being of that worthy band,
The Barbers' Royals, to their colours true,
And like their noble president, true blue,
Backbone Teetotallers, eternal foes
Of every potion, save the stream that flows.
But should my creed here any difference make,
My pledge I'll swallow gladly, for its sake,
Renounce the sect, and deprecate their zeal,
Though in their eyes my ruin I should seal.
The last accomplishment I now shall state—
Oh give attention while I it relate—
It is then, sir, that I excel in prayer,
As every Sunday morning I repair,
In haste and zeal, to meet the pious few,
And to receive that merit which is due
To such unheard-of talents, gifts, and grace,
My loving labours in that sacred place.
I am 'a burning and a shining light'
Among my neighbours, sunk in deepest night.
My league-spun prayers and graces of a mile,
Prove me all worthy of my Author's smile;

But even, sir, while at the throne of grace,
My dearest wish was oft the Butler's place;
This phrase for blessing, oft could I have said—
This, oh for this, I secret homage paid !
Yet should this canting of the praying kind
Awake objections in your honest mind,
I'll give it over, and my stand I'll take
Among the fash'nable, for interest's sake.
Nought, sir, shall stand between my God and me;
My soul's desire 's a butler now to be.
This I declare in boldness, without fear—
Behold as proof my wish-expressing tear.”
The Barber done, the Butler now replied—
“ You're surely mad; it cannot be denied,
Like you a fool accomplished and upright,
A finished novice never met my sight.
What you inspired, or, rather, thus misled,
And with such frenzy crammed your vacant head ?
You must confess, and own you surely must,
The people's censure and their views were just.
With all they said I frankly acquiesce.
For you I feel not, neither can redress;
Puffed up with arrogance and vain conceit,
You thought your hopes would full fruition meet.
Presumptuous oaf, what may I call you not !
The maddest barber ever was begot;
For if you had one grain of common sense
Could ever you have come on this pretence ?
That you are qualified I much dispute,
And flat deny as butler you will suit.

Who would a blockhead trust with such a place ?
Your very name his Lordship would disgrace;
Hence Heaven forbid I thus should be so blind,
Now to insult a master good and kind,
By recommending such a turncoat cool,
A crazy barber, fanatic, and fool.
And blame me not, my hero bold and brave—
Well you deserve this dry and soapless shave.”
Up spoke the Barber—“ Please your censure spare:
Such pointed insult well I cannot bear;
For on a Barber’s solemn asseveration,
I never shared like grief and defamation.
And has a shaver, sir, of my degree,
The smallest right thus to insulted be ?
Mind who I am—the ground whereon you stand—
Dread my resentment, and beware my hand.
I’m sure my story calmly did I tell !
Whence this abuse—this dialect of hell—
This pungent ridicule with such disdain,
Enough to drive this occult head insane,
About a project reasonable and right—
Fruit of intelligence and genius bright ?
Praiseworthy, honourable, profoundly just,
The scion of no base, avaricious lust,
Which I abhor, and ever must declaim,
For, told the truth, none with it can me blame.
I am a barber of a nobler kind.
Stern foe of mammon is my worthy mind;
Presumption, arrogance, conceit and pride,
Are qualities I innately deride;

But meek and humble, grave, and choked with grace,
Moved with a tender feeling for our race,
Possessed of pathos deep for human woe—
Though all deny in me this generous glow—
But known to wretchedness and homeless need,
For oft the hungry tender would I feed.
The cause I knew not often I out sought,
And Destitution's blessing found me out.
Self-praise I spurn, and speak the naked truth,
And vile hypocrisy detest, forsooth.
In me it is not ere to play the rogue,
Though contradicted much by my physog—
So much the case that thousands flat deny
All this as false, and rudely it decry.
But since my pleading with you seems in vain,
From further statements now I will refrain.
You seem determined nothing here to do
My scheme to aid, and realize my view;
I'll see my Lord·myself another day,
And state my wishes—hear what he will say.
He is a man who will behave more civil
Than you, ye scandalous, domineering devil."
To quash the quarrel, and no more provoke,
The Butler ended thus the well-known joke—
" See, there's my hand, hence doubly be insured
That yesterday, in fact, my Lord procured
A butler fit, possessed of every grace,
Else sure would I bespoke for you the place.
You've been too long, and have this opening missed,
Hence for the present must you now desist;

But mind the future, for you sure will shine
A star of magnitude yet in our line."

Pleased grew the Barber, and him bade "Good-day;"
But, disappointed, homeward found his way,
To tell his sorrows to the feeling wife,
And mourn this hapless crisis of his life;
To bear the censure, mock, and cutting jest,
Till time, in mercy, set the fray at rest.

—•—

OUR VISIT TO THE WEST OF SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND, land of mountains, streams and floods,
Bowers and groves, and shady woods !
Vocal with unnumbered lays
Of native gratitude and praise,
Sweet with classic fairy dells,
Red with waving heather bells,
Gay with flocks and meads renowned,
Rich with fields of plenty crowned,
Nurse of liberty and light,
Immortalized by genius bright,
Sweet home of peace, of valour, fame,
Of all deserving of a name,
Land of my fathers and of mine,
My soul shall ever thee enshrine;

Hence for a harp all but divine,
The first and best,
And, oh ! your aid, ye sacred Nine,
To sing the West.

The West, the West, I'll ever sing,
While of my lyre remains a string.
First, hail Edina, by the way,
Thou peerless queen of cities gay;
Hail to thy spires, thy towers, and domes,
Magnificent and princely homes;
Thy statues, monuments, which rise
To hallow and immortalize
Departed worth and genius dear,
Embalmed in every heart sincere !
Hail to the Cenotaph of Scott !
When shall his memory be forgot ?
On thee may Thalia proudly smile,
Illustrious and unrivalled pile;
Enraptured would I gaze a while
Thee to adore,
And with thy charms an hour beguile,
And Kemp deplore.

Next his memorial regard,
Scotia's devoted matchless bard,
Eternal Burns, a nation's praise,
And Nelson's too, who won his bays,
With others on the Calton Hill,
Which well the stranger's soul may thrill;

O for its fascinating views !
How genial to the roaming Muse !
But we descend, and time we should,
Hail, famous, ancient Holyrood !
Of perished royalty the seat,
And scene of many a bloody fete;
Whose stately form, each spacious hall,
Each tapestried and pictured wall
Departed glory still recall:

O to survey
Thy antique relics, one and all,
A summer's day !

With unique pleasure turn now we,
Thou noble Citadel, to thee:
Hail to thy everlasting form !
The sport of many a siege and storm;
Thy lofty towers and turrets grey,
The boast of ages passed away;
Thy warlike aspect of renown,
Thy splendid Armoury and Crown;
The gorgeous sceptre Sword of State,
With other trappings of the great,
Of Scotia's proud tyrannic kings,
Perish'd like other worthless things
By Time's unsparing mortal blast,
And swept to the oblivious past !
But now a farewell glance we cast,
With ravished eyes,

No longer can we stay at last
To moralise.

Next in our cursory review,
Of thy attractions ever new,
To pass, Edina, would it suit,
Thy Royal Picture Institute ?
Hail to its pompous portly mien,
Surmounted by our virtuous Queen,
Reflecting—all may see and feel—
Eternal credit on a Steel !
And, hail ! that honoured ace of parts,
Thy glorious, worthy School of Arts !
Long may it flourish, and may thee,
Thou noble University,
With all thy satellites of fame,
Whom proud may Scotia be to claim !
O Wilson, hallowed be thy name,
Thou star of earth !
Thy powers, long may thy Muse's flame
Bright mirror forth !

But vain, Edina, we essay
Thy endless charms half to portray,
So partly finish we our tour,
And now my Muse her wings must cower.
In thee, how time unnoticed fleets !
Farewell, thy gay and bustling streets,
Where endless shops in splendour vie
To fascinate and feast the eye;

Scenes of amusement, rich and new,
Haunts of pleasure, now adieu !
Gardens sweet when Summer reigns,
Shady walks, and vernal plains,
Frowning Crags by Nature piled,
Rugged hills sublimely wild,
Draped with flow'rets bright and mild;
And hence, in short,
Of the enrapt poetic child
The choice resort.

Next hail, thee Glasgow, three times hail !
To flourish, may'st thou never fail,
But ever nobly cock thy crest,
As the metropolis of the West;
Hail to thy architecture rare,
Thy sculptured halls and churches fair,
Thy famed Arcade and proud Exchange,
Which well with Britain's best may range;
The elegant and sumptuous shows
Of merchandise thy streets disclose,
Which with their busy masses teem
Like insects in the summer's beam.
Heaven bless your "callans," frank and free,
Your "lassocks" kind, and fair to see;
But first on Flora—first with me—
That lovely flower,
Bliss thrice distilled—ay, three times three—
Profusely shower.

O wonder, reverence, delight,
Ecstatic, ah ! resplendent sight
Unrivalled, what can words avail,
Next thy Necropolis all hail !
Vast city of the mighty dead,
With tombs and statues overspread;
Where, huddled in oblivion deep,
The statesman and the warrior sleep;
Where o'er the priest and poet's grave
The fragrant flowers of Summer wave;

And where the patriot and the sage,
Embalmed in the historic page,
Repose secluded from the view,
Beneath the mournful gloomy yew.
But, ah ! the endless retinue

That slumber here,
Whom Fame, with every honour due,
Hath crowned sincere !

Hence, noble Glasgow, fare thee well;
No longer can we musing dwell
On all thy novelties around,
That wake the Muse thy praise to sound,
Which onward, onward, flaps her wing:
Thus Paisley next in turn we sing;
Which every tourist frank must own,
To be at least a charming town.
Here holds proud Art her sceptred sway:
Hail to thy manufacture gay !
But witness once those numerous halls,
Piled with her celebrated shawls,
And mark their fabric and design,
Which wizarded those eyes of mine;
O B——s, ever be it thine
Fame to inherit;
And bright may Fortune on thee shine,
Thou son of merit !

Health and prosperity to thee !
Paisley, thou hast a charm for me,

That captivates my very will.
Hail, favoured spot of Tannahill,
Immortal in the powers of song,
Who mused yon sylvan shades among;
Enchanting scenes which all revere,
Fraught with associations dear.

Next that unrivalled lovely spot,
The Cemetery, who fails to note ?
With all its sweet transporting views,
What subjects for the rural Muse !
Last, Paisley shall we e'er forget
That courtesy in thee we met ?
The cup of kindness here we quaffed,
How thrice ambrosial was its draught !
Hence, far or near, roam where I may,
However Fortune chalks the way,
While social joy my soul shall thrill,
I'll warmly pledge a " Hawick gill"
To him, the prince, the pink of folks,

The friendly, gifted, generous Knox,
With open honest "Sawney" Coaks,
And her sae fair aye—
Oh the blue eyes, the auburn locks,
Of modest Mary !

Thence hail to Greenock ! hail sincere,
Thy reminiscences how dear !
Spreading thy wings, with thriving pride,
Along the classic banks of Clyde,
How sweet thy harbour to survey,
Where bustling Commerce rules the day,
Diffusing with a liberal hand
Her bones from many a distant land:
Long may she speed, unshackled be
To spread her sails and bless the free;
And raise her steam, which raised thy name,
And rolled it on the page of fame;
As Watt's distinguished native spot,
With other names of deathless note:
And where 'twas "Highland Mary's" lot
In Spring to fall,
I've stood above, with pensive thought,
Her vernal pall.

All, hail, thy lovely heath-clad heights,
Dear haunts of thy Parnassian wights !
Alone but give me there to stray,
To muse the live-long Summer day.
What pencil can such charms unfold,

Last, welcome to the land of Burns !
Here what luxuriant returns
For all our trouble, toil, and cost !
Long shalt thou be my proudest boast,
As it has been for years my aim,
Thy scenes long consecrate to fame
For once, as now, devout to tread,
In tribute to the honoured dead.
What town in Scotia can compare
With thee, delightful lovely Ayr ?
Ah, what associations dear
Conspire the heart to wizard here !
Hail to thy "Briggs," the "auld" and "new,"
Spanning thy river's azure hue:
The recollections they renew
How dear to me !

Lo, yonder, if report be true,
The Rattan Quay.

But turn we, with enraptured thought,
Into the celebrated spot,
The Inn, where every market night,
"Fast by the ingle bleezin' bright,"
Sat Tam o' Shanter and his cronie—
His drouthy brother, Souter Johnnie.
This time-worn "quaich," which circles free,
Oft have they drained in social glee.
Had but this room, alas ! a tongue,
Where rantin' rovin' Robin strung,
By Islay streams, his softest lyre,
What stranger would it not inspire,
And to its core the bosom thrill
Would not he merry quaff the gill,
Another and another fill
 Of choice Glenlivet;
And list for hours wi' right good will,
 You may believe it ?

Still must we now resume our way,
As through an Eden fresh and gay;
Hence to that scene, by all revered,
But doubly to my soul endeared,
The humble straw-roofed, flower-wreathed cot,
Of Nature's Bard the natal spot.
Approached with deep humility,
And reverence I enter thee,

Thrice hallow'd pile, where all within
Accords with thy exterior mien.
Hail that recess, where first the light
Illumed the eye of genius bright;
The simple table, in its turn,
All nearly through with letters worn;
The portrait of immortal Burn,
 His country's pride,
Beneath where here the bard was born,
 And where he died.

Next "Auld Kirk Alloway," all hail !
What Muse when here that turns not pale,
As we thy haunted precincts near,
Recalling scenes enacted here,
Which yet thy crumbling gables two
Confirm too plainly to be true ?
But mark "the winnock in the east,
Whare sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast,
Wha screwed his pipes and gaurt them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' played dirl;"
The door through which, ere Maggie rallied,
The motley hellish legion sallied,
In fiendish vengeance, speed, and might,
Pursuing Tam, poor luckless wight,
Which put him in a dismal plight,
 Despite his care,
Upon that memorable night
 He passed from Ayr.

And oh ! the “bonnie banks o’ Doon,”
That echo loud with endless tune !
How sweet to linger in the shade,
Or tread the fragrant flowery glade,
Where rapturous in the days of yore,
The great magician we deplore
So frequent trod and mused alone,
As bland Erato favour shone.

Here, what associations dwell !
Thrice hail thee, famous Mungo’s Well,
Thy cooling draught, as crystal clear,
How grateful to the palate here !
The ivied bridge which “ Tammy” crossed,
Defying devil, witch, or ghost,
Or aught of the infernal host,

The stream to pass;
But where his trusty Maggie lost
Her tail, alas !

And hail, thou Cenotaph of fame,
Bearing the amaranthine name
Of Burns—ah ! tribute ever dear
To blasted genius, hail sincere !
With awe profound let me explore,
And o’er thy sacred relics pore.
First, of our Minstrel in the dust,
Behold the all but breathing bust;
The pledge of mutual love, the last
‘Twixt him and Highland Mary past—
The Bibles, where we trace disclosed,

Now, lastly, to the brave and free:
First, Old Mortality, to thee,
Dear Kennedy, with thanks profound,

We'll pledge the jolly bumper round
 Upon the fairy "banks o' Doon,"
 Till lights her silver lamp the moon,
 With heartfelt feelings of delight.
 What kindness e'er can thine requite !
 Unknown the term, at least to me,
 If not philanthropy it be—
 Tendered, unasked, frank, and sincere,
 Unlooked for by a stranger here,
 And such as rarely lights my lot,
 While gratitude inspires my thought,
 There as a holly—shall it not ?—

For ever green
 Flourish, ah ! ne'er to be forgot,
 Though far between.

—○○—

THE DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY AND DREAM.

WAKE ! yes, gracious Heaven, once more awake ;
 But ah to what ? 'tis only to protract,
 And thus worm out, in thraldom of the devil,
 A self-made, wretched, execrable life.
 By day, by night all solace seems denied ;
 Sleeping and waking are alike with me.
 O my distempered brain, how whirls it round !
 My aching head, parched mouth, mephitic breath,

And ever-burning, hell-fermenting stomach,
Which sickens at, and loathes the thought of food;
While cold the sweat that bathes my trembling limbs,
And pain-racked, weak, emaciated frame;
A living hospital immured I lie,
Sad victim of remorse, regret, and shame.
How brutalized, degraded, and abandoned !
To conscious rectitude and virtue lost,
Succumbed by every vile, unholy passion
Into all folly and excess of madness—
The very incarnation of pollution;
A scourge, a pest, a curse to human kind—
A public scandal, and the scoff and scorn
Of former friends, and by the wise and good
Scarce noticed save with pity or contempt;
The dupe defenceless, and the ready prey
Of every cheat and sharper I may meet:
How like a vessel drifted here and there
Upon the squally, undulating deep,
Without a compass, chart, or helm to guide her !
And now at length—O God, how horrible !—
Rock-founded and a melancholy wreck;
To others beaconing the fatal reef,
I isolated stand, and curse existence.
Had but my natal been my mortal hour,
And never had those lips the nipple pressed,
How well for me ! O why did not those hands
Which first received me on the stage of life
Anticipate my future wretched being
As some unseemly, heterogeneous birth ?

Would it were possible that I could wing,
Fleeter than light or thought, immensity;
Then to creation's utmost confines, where
Eternal solitude and chaos reign,
Would I repair and hide my hated form:
An outcast, an abortion noxious,
Unfit to mingle with the works of God !
Or that that sovereign, omnific Being
Who spoke me from the dust would pity take,
And now reverse His pleasure, and dissolve me,
That from the earth my very name and memory,
Yea, all remembrance of me, hence might perish !
Wretch that I am! would even I were swept
Both soul and body to annihilation,
And thus eternally become forgotten
By God, by devil—all in heaven and hell.
But, ah! vain wish—absurd, impossible;
Reason and nature, leagued with revelation,
In solemn conclave ever it abjure,
And prove an immortality to all—
A dread tribunal—an almighty Judge,
Omniscient, just and holy, and unerring,
Whom I must face before assembled worlds,
But how—O by His sacred name!—I know not.
Naked and trembling, horror-struck, undone,
With all my black, flagitious crimes before me,
Even now, alas! I feel of condemnation
The dread, irrevocable sentence passed;
In me that fire eternal now is kindled;
The never-dying, gnawing worm I feel

Upon the very vitals of the heart.
Talk not to me of pleasure and enjoyment:
How vain indeed is all the world can give !
What are its urgents and pretended charms
Now to my wounded, agonising conscience,
Writhing beneath an overwhelming load ?
Of guilt uncancelled and for vengeance crying,
Than Abel's blood a thousand times more loud ?
Heaven, could I only but the past retrieve,
Those halcyon years of innocence and sunshine
Which lighted up my steps when life I started,
How opposite a course should I pursue,
And ever curse through life the cursed bottle !
O heaven ! O mercy ! O eternity !
How terrible the night the last I passed;
The horrid thoughts of such a dismal dream
My very reason stun, yea, paralyse,
And petrify each spring of moral action,
So full of awful sights and hideous forms—
Of incidents terrific and appalling,
Whose spirit-crushing, overpowering weight
Memory but vainly struggles to forego.
Methought on some stupendous height I stood,
So elevated seemed it that the world,
With all its varied scenes of endless change,
As one vast map beneath me spreading lay—
Seas, rivers, islands, continents, and kingdoms,
Mountains and valleys, precipices, plains;
Ten thousand swarming cities, towns, and villas,
With countless landscapes stretching everywhere,

Which with a glance unerring I beheld
From those strange powers of vision then vouchsafed;
Methought a universal Summer smiled,
And Nature's vernal loveliness o'erspread
The hill and dale, the forest and the field;
While bright in cloudless glory beamed the sun,
And poured athwart the liquid waste of ocean,
In dazzling profusion, streaming gold:
All seemed with gladness, and with joy inspired.
But gradually a melancholy change,
And noiseless as the chariot-wheels of Time
The vast stupendous panorama palled;
Heaven's azure vault, in horrible array,
Black sombre clouds of threatening aspect filled;
Day's monarch, as if wearied with his travel,
Mantled his blood-like countenance in gloom,
And seemed retiring to eternal rest.
A death-like stillness, awfully portentous
Of some commotion dire, and unexampled
In earth's chronology, the vast arena
With terror striking increase brooded o'er.
The very constitution of the air,
That balance of its elements essential
To life and comfort, seemed for ever lost;
Stagnant and putrid, loathsome and sulphureous,
And as a furnace scorching everywhere.
Well I remember, and will ne'er forget,
The oppressive, suffocating, dread sensation
Felt at each breath: and O the pain
Which writhed relentlessly this shattered body,

The terror, and alarm, and black forebodings
Each heart possessed and countenance betrayed,
As from the fissures of the arid earth,
Rolled in infernal, dread, and dense confusion
Throughout the scene, huge globes of burning fire—
Of red and blue, of azure, green, and gold—
Like bombs exploding with tremendous roar,
Thus dealing death and devastation round;
Whose dire reflection, mingling with the glare
Of scouting meteors, through the lowering heavens,
Produced such strange phenomena, that words
In vain must ever labour to unfold.
To aggravate the universal gloom,
Nature resigned her verdure, and assumed
The sickly and the aureate hues of Autumn.
And as if lashed by Winter's rudest storm,
Denuded stood the trees, branch after branch,
Inspiring melancholy, hoary fell
In rotten shivered fragments to the ground.
The rivers, too, evaporated seemed;
And where their limpid volumes proudly flowed,
Blue tides of molten and infernal fire,
In desolating vengeance, hideous rolled,
Diverging into streams, thus intersecting
In nameless horror the stupendous scene.
While o'er the vast of the eternal deep,
In sable pomp and awful majesty,
Sat Death implacable, in triumph throned;
By dire Destruction, Terror, and Dismay,
His fell and sullen satellites, environed.

Be calmed and motionless, on the expanse,
The ships of every nation scattered lay,
And frittered down by piecemeal, mast by mast,
With hoarse, tremendous; and prophetic crash,
A gloomy mass of lumber headlong fell;
While from the shattered shrouds and rotten
cordage—

How agonizing still to recollection !—
Dropped the poor trembling mariners, and slept
Amid the sad and ruinous confusion,
That long, profound, and dreamless sleep of death.
Nor to the ocean seemed at all confined
Those dark appalling ravages of Fate;
But rampant Desolation, uncontrolled,
Like an ambitious, all-despoiling hero,
With strides gigantic, soon the mighty whole
Per force possessed, and claimed by right of conquest.
How the magnificent, stupendous piles,
Of sublunary grandeur, power and pride,
Those august temples, palaces, and towers,
Renowned in story, and the boast of nations,
Asunder rent, and crumbled to the earth;
While through the streets—oh ! misery unmixed—
Of fast dissolving towns and cities ran,
In consternation and in terror frantic,
Thousands and thousands of their doomed inhabitants.
O it was terrible, if aught is so,
To see the mournful groups the rest then formed,
In pity sad, imploring attitude,
With fear and trembling, on the bended knee.

Some wailing, look to Heaven, beseeching mercy;
And some went howling, and in wild despair
Their garments rent, and for a refuge sought
Amid the dismal havoc, but in vain.
With downcast eyes, all weeping, others sat;
Others, again, as rueful statues stood,
And wrung their hands in wordless agony.
While fits of frenzy, and of hellish fury,
Sedition, hatred, murder, and revenge
Others then seized, and hence impelled to acts
From which imagination yet recoils;
Armed with the various implements of death,
As banded desperadoes, how they rushed,
Amid the tumult dread, on all they met;
Thus in a common carnage ruthless blending
Their fellow-citizens of all conditions,
Alike regardless both of sex and age.
While everywhere—oh! horrible indeed—
Fed by their countless hecatombs of victims,
The gloomy, all-devouring faggots blazed;
Great armies too, in battle-like array,
All countries seemed to devastate and plunder,
Which ever and anon in mortal conflict
With others would exultingly engage.
Methought, in short, the world had turned a hell;
And under the dominion of the devil,
Its denizens of every class and colour
Apparently were held; all law, all rule,
Restraint, and human sympathy seemed lost.
At length a change succeeded, and drew

From the horrific scene at last the sun.
Loud howled the wind, which to a tempest rose;
While rolled the thunder, and amid the storm
Of furious hail, the vivid lightning gleamed;
And, as if under Nature's final throes,
Heavens, how the very earth, from shore to shore,
Portentous shook, and trembled to its centre !
Great chasms yawned, and to their basements rocked
Convulsed the lofty everlasting mountains;
Thus indicated all, in heaven and earth,
The end of all things had at length arrived.
And hence another change came o'er my dream.
Hushed were the thunders, and the tempest ceased—
All, all, was still and silent as the grave.
Meanwhile through the impenetrable gloom,
Midway in heaven—methinks I yet behold Him
Borne on a sunbeam of celestial lustre,
A mighty Herald bright in burning glory,
With dazzling pinions cleaving the dark clouds,
And rolling them in mountains by his breath,
In pomp divine and majesty descended;
And from beneath His wings a trump tremendous,
Of burnished gold, He took, and which He sounded
Much louder than ten thousand peals of thunder,
Which shook the very pillars of the sky,
And penetrated, with a power divine,
Even Nature's deepest, innermost recesses.
O most momentous, memorable hour !
How did its thrilling energy pervade,
Yea, rend the iron prison-house of Death,

And summon forth, to life and liberty,
Its lonely, slumbering, earth-forgotten captives,
Of every circumstance, and class, and clime,
Age, creed, and character ! Again to heaven
Instinctively my wondering eyes I turned,
And, oh ! ecstatic, ever-rapturous sight,
And hallowed while I live, in recollection,
Refulgent, brighter than a thousand suns,
Millions unnumbered of ethereal natures,
All gay with life and immortality,
Led by a potent all-victorious hero
Through the unknown, untravelled vast of space,
In pageantry unrivalled and divine,
Fleet as the lightning to this nether world
Winging their mystic way were then beheld,
And with intense and glowing radiations
Earth and immensity alike illumining.
Meanwhile a gorgeous and resplendent throne,
Immaculate and shining as the snow,
Wreathed on the height and lackered by the sun,
The world polluted as a rainbow spanned,
On which descended, in empyreal glory,
That princely Leader of the host divine,
Wearing a jewell'd crown of starry brightness,
Before whose sheen, as wax before the fire,
The everlasting mountains seemed to melt,
The ocean as in terror to recede,
And Nature tremble to her inmost core.
Around Him then, in filial exultation
And joy, this retinue illustrious thronged,

Above all fear secure, victorious waving
Palms of immortal and eternal triumph,
Shouting hosannahs, and in thrilling rapture
Ascribing honour, majesty, dominion,
Glory, and blessing unto Him alone.

At the same moment, wonderful, amazing,
From every corner of the rugged earth,
And every quarter of the secret deep,
Crowds, countless as the very stars of heaven,
By some strange, supernatural propulsion,
Towards that peerless Monarch on the throne
Were pouring fast. O can I e'er forget
That sweet placidity of soul, that trust,
That thrilling joy, and transport some betrayed,
Contrasted with the sullen gloom, and anguish,
Regret, remorse, and terror, and despair
That marked the guilty and the ever-wretched,
As every eye seemed as if spell-bound fixed
On that ineffable, illustrious One,
Whose throne the endless millions clustered round,
But into two grand classes stood divided,
Each as eternally to each opposed
As vice to virtue? By that King of kings
How was the one acknowledged and accepted,
And smiling welcomed with, "O come, ye blessed,"
And on His right hand honoured and adorned
With the insignia of His royal friendship
Divine, and destined ever to endure!
While, oh! the others, how my nature trembles
As memory the melancholy picture

Of their sad fate, with all its dismal shades,
Still mournfully recalls; how self-condemned,
Vile outcasts, rebels, how aghast they stood,
Detested by the virtuous universe !

Methinks I hear yet, pealing in mine ear,
That deep-toned awful knell, "Depart, ye cursed,"
As one of whom I felt myself included.

The final destinies of all awarded,
On harps of gold loud hallelujahs sounding,
All crowned with immortality, the just
In one vast happy and harmonious whole
Heaven's azure heights triumphantly ascended
In nameless glory, headed by their King.

Next from that solemn and momentous bar,
'Mid hopeless wailings, on the whirlwind's wing
That hideous, sable, wrath-doomed throng was borne,
By Heaven accursed, fiendish legions led
Through scenes of universal conflagration,
To realms of black unmitigated misery;
Remorse and suffering, and despair eternal,
Where mercy never smiles, hope never dawns,
And Heaven hath ceased for ever to be gracious.

O I remember, and will ne'er forget,
That paralyzing horror and dismay
Which seized my guilty and polluted soul
When first those rueful, melancholy regions
Of endless sin and death, by Heaven decreed
For the apostate, God-abandoned felons,
In all their terrors, burst upon my view;
Nor when with that accursed rebel host,

Through the dark, gloomy, adamantine portals
I felt myself by fiends exulting dragged,
And headlong plunged into the burning surge
Of that dread yawning bottomless abyss
I often scouted as a vain chimera,
When with my gay companions o'er my cups.
How terrible, methought, the wrath of God !
How insupportable the sinner's doom
'Mong devils rolling in a sea of fire,
Tossed to and fro, and worried by a mob
Of uncontrolled, fierce, and infernal passions,
Without a hope or arm to interpose,
Struggling in agony from day to day,
Dying perpetually through years and ages !
Thus spending an eternity in dying,
Amid the clamorous howls and dismal yells,
The groans and curses of the lost for ever;
With which, in horror nameless, I awoke,
And blessed the still forbearing hand of Heaven.

—•—

LINES ADDRESSED TO JOHN S—E.

HEAR me a wee, sir, when I write:
Abhorring scandal and a' spite,
And every word I now indite
It's truth, I'll swear;

And he wha 's guided by this light
Has nought to fear.

Sae, tak it ill or tak it weel,
Blunt truth I'll tell and shame the deil,
And to your conscience wad appeal,
 But nane ye hae,
Ye frozen-hearted ne'er-do-weel,
 Wi' pate sae grey.

Lang hae ye bullied, weel I wat,
The curse, the pest, baith soon and late,
To a' that toil within your gate,
 'Mid wat and dry;
But still your grave-like greed to sate,
 I them defy.

Your fulsome, ill scrap't leein' tongue,
For mair than sixty years has swung,
And rudely cursed baith auld and young
 As black as hell,
Till a' around has aften rung,
 They ken theirsel.

Ayont a doubt, ah ! doubt there's nane,
E'en in the merest sceptic's brain,
That you are surely Satan's ain
 Dark incarnation—
Of double damn'd damnation plain
 An emanation.

And your infernal lowin' drouth,
Your badge, your curse, frae early youth,
To slaken it but ance, in truth,

I a' defy:

When e'er a groat ye raise, forsooth,
Ye'll aye be dry.

And mony a broken snout ye've had—
Been weeks thegether raving mad—
Blue devils seen, and a' that's bad,

Your pouches picking;

And chairs and stools and bottles, lad,
In fury kicking

A' tapsateerie in a heap;
While snakes and serpents round ye creep,
And mony roused frae their last sleep

Around ye stand,

And spectres dread their watches keep
On ilka hand.

Sic dreadfu' dismal sights as these,
Are fit ane's very bluid to freeze,
And gaur us a' on coffee seize,

Thus turn Teetotal,

And suck our orange at soirees,
And curse the bottle.

Sae, wad ye to my hint attend,
And tak at last a thocht and mend,

But och I fear my words I 'll spend
 In labour vain,
 And just as weel my counsel lend
 To ane insane:

As weel attempt to raise the dead,
 Or catch the lightning in its speed,
 As to amendment you to lead,
 And turn frae evil,
 Ye God-abandoned, past remeid,
 Black as the devil.

—o—

THOUGHTS ON GOD.

ETERNAL and omniscient Source of all,
 Immortal, ever from mutation free,
 Ere Nature's system sprang forth at thy call,
 Thou wert, and art, and shalt for ever be.

Yon azure canopy, unfurled on high,
 Thy fiat first with starry spangles sowed;
 While through the pathless mazes of the sky
 The sun and moon in glorious lustre glowed.

Thy voice commands the tempest to forbear,
 And tranquillizes the tumultuous main—

Charges the lightning whom to smite and spare,
The thunder when to peal and peal again.

Volcanoes too, obsequious to thy nod,
Hurl forth their rivers of aquatic fire,
To scourge the nations with the iron rod
Of thy displeasure sore, and vengeance dire.

The earthquake opens by Divine decree,
To spread destruction and lay waste the land;
In darkness stalks the pestilence from thee,
And sickness rages by supreme command.

Before thee, Lord, what are all nations ? Nought.
In balance hills and mountains dost thou weigh—
The isles but atoms, buoyantly which float
In mazy dances in the sunny ray.

The clouds for Thy pavilion dread thou takest,
Breath'st in the storm, rid'st on the whirlwind's wing;
The spacious universe as dust thou makest
Beneath thy feet, O thou Eternal King !

All, all, conspire thy praise to ever sound,
And thy omnipotence to all proclaim.
Ah, where in the created vast is found
The spot unstamped with thy mysterious name !

The heaven and earth pervaded are by Thee,
Who guides the atom and conducts the mite

With equal care, as through immensity
 The burning comet and the seraph's flight.

But who by searching can Thee comprehend ?
 How futile even are our best essays ?
 What height, what depth, can with Thee co-extend ?
 "O let expressive silence muse thy praise !"

—•—

PORTRAITURE OF REAL LIFE.

CURSED above all on this accursed earth !
 Child of misfortune, who but pities thee ?
 Go, curse like Job your ill-starred, hapless birth,
 Grim incarnation, rank of misery,
 And weep your lot, thrice wretched and obscure,
 Reptile of earth, thou poorest of the poor.

But for your sunless, frowning, blasted fate,
 Arraign not Heaven, who otherwise designed ;
 But blame the dunghill, purse-proud, would-be-great,
 Those basest tyrants, vipers of our kind,
 And your own truckling and ignoble soul,
 Where Reason seems to have the least control.

Mute as a statue, trembling, hat in hand,
 I spurn your cringing, servile attitude ;

Like "Patience on a monument" you stand,
And have for hours thus so obsequious stood,
Unlike a freeman, independent, brave,
But as a vile, degraded galley-slave.

Speak ! why so cowardly conceal the cause
Of your absurd, humiliating plight ?
What august presence here thee overawes,
Poor sneaking, timid, melancholy wight ?
A pompous nothing by a counter's side:
Damned be his arrogance, contempt, and pride.

Solicit you a beggar's bite of bread,
From such a grovelling brother of the soil ?
No !—why then hang as self-condemned your head ?
Go, ask mock-consequence for leave to toil—
Without reserve, your wish a child might scan—
And show yourself, poor devil, once a man.

That "Britons never shall be slaves," how vain
That boast with you ! so henceforth sing it not;
Nor any of your smutty trade and train,
Who equally with you may curse their lot,
Pent up, to pine in garrets life away,
In grinding penury and dark dismay.

ANSWER TO ROBERT GILFILLAN.

HEALTH, sir, to you ! I've lang essay'd
 A gratefu' tribute to hae paid;
 But aye the Muse, that fickle jade,
 Still jinket me—
 Syne by the pen I've often laid
 Wi' tearfu' ee.

Then up the pipe wi' vengeance cocket,
 Wi' feelings frozen, senses locket,
 And often been sa sair provocket—
 As tak an aith
 To ne'er again wi' her be yocket
 Till my last breath.

"Twas in a plight like this yestreen,
 Alane mysel, without my frien',
 In his bit cot of ivy green
 In scented breer,
 I saw, what few hae ever seen
 Save bards, I swear.

When seated at the clean fireside,
 Where aft I've sate in rhymin' pride,
 A form towards me seemed to glide
 Divinely fair,
 With whom on earth the gayest bride
 Could ne'er compare.

Her flowin' robes were driven snaw,
 And rich wi' stars were studded a';
 Her scarf a rainbow bright and braw;
 While round her brows
 Bloom'd flowers the sweetest e'er I saw,
 O' endless hues.

Thought I, guid keep me; Lord, be here !
 O'erpower'd wi' reverential fear
 I guessed some goddess was asteer,
 And felt undone:
 She spak—'twas music in my ear—
 " Fear not, my son."

Then beckon'd to me and drew nigher,
 While flash'd her eyes ethereal fire,
 And syne she strung Auld Scotia's lyre,
 And gied it me;
 Then smilin', vow'd me to inspire
 T' the day I die.

Hail, favours sacred ever new !
 Then frae her breath distill'd a dew,
 Whase balmy fragrance, quaff'd by few,
 I 'nhaled in store,
 And raise transported, born anew,
 For rhymin' lore,

My heart wi' gratefu' feelings glowed,
 For boons and blessings then bestowed,

A thousand thanks I felt I owed
My heavenly Donor,
Which, while I reverently bowed,
I poured upon her.

But by degrees a flood o' light
Enwrapt her glorious image bright,
That stunned my senses wi' the sight,
And maist my brain;
But when I rallied on that night,
I found her gane.

Now on my harp, hail three times ten,
Lang life and health to thee I sen';
While inspiration guides my pen,
Thy praise I'll sound,
And honest worth, thou wale o' men,
Till a' resound.

Your kind reply to what I sent
Wi' joy I read and heart content—
Admired your wit as on I went,
And penetration,
Ilk cogent, candid free comment,
And observation.

Believe me, sir, for frae my youth,
Base flattery I disdained forsooth,
But aye adored the naked truth,
In prose or lays,

And freely dealt to a' a footh
O' blame or praise.

An independent mind for me—
As swees the buss I spurn to swee;
The cringing look, the bended knee,
For empty fame,
I loathe, and glory to be free,
As Steel's my name.

Forgie me, sir, and wi' me bear;
Your patience hae I taxed ance mair,
And sent ye aff some chosen ware
For your reflection;
Your honest verdict dinna spare—
'Twill stand inspection.

My theme is Roslin, sir, I ween;
Lang famed and classic has it been;
Whase banks and braes o' deep'nin' green,
And ruins grey,
Speak loud o' mony a moving scene
Lang past away—

Of strife, and stratagem, and plot,
Of laurels won and battles fought:
There ilka wee bit gowany spot
Blooms o'er a grave;
And buried splendours sleep, forgot,
Where nettles wave.

A sacred awe the soul inspires;
Ilk baser passion there expires;
While busy Fancy never tires,
 The past renewin',
And lightens wi' her mystic fires
 Ilk scene of ruin.

But moralizin's out o' time,
Hence ye perceive my subject's prime,
Brave and heroic like the rhyme,
 Which weel it suits—
Pathetic, scenic, chaste, sublime,
 Ayont a' doubts.

Hence your decision I'll await it—
Be't guid or bad, I trust ye'll state it;
But to contempt, sir, should ye fate it,
 Deride or spurn it,
I'll curse that day a blockhead wrate it,
 An' hidlins burn it.

Meanwhile, immortal Bard, adieu:
Lang may ye yet the Muse pursue,
And fame and success smile on you:
 The wish is fervent
Frae your devoted, ever true,
 Obedient servant.

WRITTEN ON A VISIT TO ROSLIN—1844.

“ Oh Roslin ! time, war, flood, and fire,
 Have made your glories star by star expire;—
 Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void—
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light—
 And say, Here was, or is, where all is doubly night ?
 Alas ! thy lofty Castle, and alas !
 Thy trebly hundred triumphs, and the day
 When Sinclair made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away.”

Lord Byron.

ET other bards on wings of fancy rove—
 Through foreign regions track their devious ways,
 And sing each flow'ry dell and myrtled grove—
 Like florid Thomson pour seraphic praise:

With Milton talk of aromatic bowers
 Nursed by eternal summer's genial glow,
 Where waves the pine, the mellow orange towers,
 And mantling vines in rich profusion grow:

Or, in the ardour of poetic fire,
 On every fairy landscape may they dwell
 On towers and temples' ruins, which inspire
 The soul with sadness, and her tumults quell.

'Tis nought to me ! I'll sing of Scotia dear,
 Her heath-clad mountains and her lovely plains—

Each valley, grove, and pebbled stream revere,
And to her classic woodlands pour my strains.

All teems with story of a bygone age—
Each sod enwraps a hero bold and brave,
Who glorious flourished on life's warlike stage,
His country's freedom, honour, rights to save;

When foul invasion, as the simoom blast
Or fierce volcano, menaced everywhere
The lives and homes, and hopes of every cast
With sweeping death, destruction, and despair.

Ah ! where like Roslin shall the wandering Muse
The vestal breath of inspiration hale;
What through the care-struck heart can joy diffuse
If these enchanting sylvan glories fail ?

What art can touch their Eden-borrowed glow ?
Or verse yon vales and craggy steeps portray,
Swept by the classic Esk's meand'ring flow,
Immortalised by many a melting lay ?

Oh hallowed scenes ! embalmed in every heart,
Which love of country's freedom ever swayed;
Where bannered patriots rallied in war's art,
And championed death and danger blade to blade;

Where brave heroic Wallace waved on high
His sword, avenging in his country's cause—

For her resolved to conquer or to die,
Abjuring Edward's vile despotic laws.

Nor shall the dauntless Fraser be forgot,
Brave Somerville and Lockhart's deathless fame;
The laurels here the fearless Cummin sought,
The glory that enshrined a Sinclair's name.

In Scotia's tale these guardian angels shine,
Presiding over sacred Freedom's van,
Triumphing glorious in her cause divine—
The cause of God, of nature, and of man.

Methinks I see, in chivalric array,
All panoplied, these champions of our land,
Each on his trusty steed, at dawn of day,
'Gainst leagued oppression lead his kilted band.

Ah ! well their foes the onset might deplore;
O heaven's eternity ! O fatal hour !
Revenge seemed glutted—Death could do no more
With his relentless devastating power.

On, on, they rushed, with fierce and furious yell,
With brandished sword and crimson-gleaming spear;
As wheat before the sickle, thousands fell;
The others fled in anarchy and fear.

Chased by the sweeping whirlwind of the brave
Across yon verdant, then a carnaged plain,

Where horse and rider met a common grave,
Earth groaned beneath the burden of the slain.

While those escaping in disorder flew,
Fierce goaded by the demon of despair,
To force yon pass maintained by Cummin true,
Regardless of the fate that slumbered there.

But ah ! that flight, how terrible indeed !
Destruction yawned before them—Death behind;
O'er yonder rocks both cavalier and steed
Fell as the leaves when drifted by the wind.

Some dashed in pieces, others mangled lay,
A groaning mass of ruin, death, and gloom;
While scores, amid the morning's sable grey,
Found in the fatal Linn a watery tomb.

O dread catastrophe, dilemma dire,
Which taught the bold De Segrave last to yield,
And beg from Wallace refuge from the ire,
Whose deadly thunders loud and louder pealed.

The mangled residue in horror saw
Resistance and escape alike in vain,
Threw down their arms to Scotia's king and law,
And thus surrendered, mercy to obtain.

But short the truce, deceitful as the smile
Of wintry sun before the coming blast:

On Confrey rushed, their triumph to beguile—
Again To arms ! the circling watchword passed.

From troop to troop with talismanic powers,
Then waved a thousand swords again on high;
While arrows flew in death-commissioned showers,
Till piles of carnage rose beneath the eye.

'Twas here brave Wallace, with his chosen band,
Through rank and file victorious cleared their way,
And, like destroying angels, sword in hand,
Spread death and ruin, terror and dismay.

Dire was the conflict, horrible the scene,
In mortal combat host encountered host;
Revenge and death their weapons rendered keen,
And do or die each faithful to his post.

But here again presiding Mars decreed
Another gem for Freedom's hallowed crown:
From yonder glen the Scotch reserve in speed
Closed on their foes, in columns cut them down.

The shattered remnant, baffled and dismayed,
In wild disorder from the scene withdrew,
And scoured yon plains the carnage to evade—
As sheep before devouring wolves they flew,

And o'er yon rocks in headlong fury fell,
In mangled masses ere they were aware;

And the red current murmured through the dell
Three days, which told the dreadful havoc there.

Here Confrey also shared a kindred fate,
And lay entombed amidst a sea of gore,
Crestfallen among those, with soul elate,
He proud commanded but a breath before.

Thus though the foes of our beloved land
Again were vanquished, scattered and undone,
Fresh toils and troubles rose on every hand,
Another prize was destined to be won.

But certs, our heroes were but ill prepared
Hostilities at present to resume;
For long both famine and fatigue they shared,
Which damped their zeal, and wrapt each soul in
gloom.

Two bloody battles they already gained,
Brave, undismayed there to a man they stood,
Firm as a rock their honoured cause maintained,
'Midst storms of anarchy and seas of blood.

Upon that dreadful memorable day,
Despite these triumphs gloriously secured,
Through woods and wilds they trudged their pathless
way,
Till by fell inanition overpowered.

Here princely Sinclair, emulous to shine
As benefactor of that noble band,
In flowing goblets circled round the wine,
And other meads dealt with a bounteous hand.

While martial eloquence in volumes rose
From gathered chieftains who harangued the brave,
To further triumph o'er exulting foes,
Abjuring all attempting to enslave.

Here also stood the patriotic prior,
Who, eulogising, blessed the list'ning throng—
Urged, in the name of Heaven, both son and sire
On foul oppression to avenge their wrong:

“ To buckle on their armour, and defend
The cause and honour of the King of kings;
That on this step their freedom would depend,
The rights and blessings independence brings.

“ Your king, your country plundered and oppressed,
Your friends and families summon you to rise;
Faith be your breastplate, do or die your crest;
O list,” he added, “ to such claims and ties.”

But ere he finished, on Cairnethy's height
The holy Cross in ambient glory shone,
Inspiring valour, augured all was right,
And signalled still to conquest to go on.

Then in the distance, proudly on the view,
Appeared bold Neville with his bannered host:
To arms, to arms, again they boldly flew,
And yonder met the foe, to Edward's cost.

To vengeance new both armies fierce disposed,
Their troops, as maddened billows of the main
When lashed by tempest, on each other closed,
With sword and spear and battle-axe again.

Amid the bustling din the pibroch pealed,
And clamoured with the yells of triumph there,
While parting groans and tears and sighs revealed
A scene of carnage, havoc and despair.

For vengeance rolled her devastating flood
O'er Scotia's haughty and exulting foe;
Long flamed the sword there in the strife of blood—
Death followed death as blow succeeded blow.

And here again the desolating blade
Of dauntless Wallace swept whole ranks away;
On right and left, in wreck and ruin laid
The flower of England on that dreadful day.

But in the zenith of Herculean power,
Plodding through blood to freedom and to fame,
Here fell his steed in that untoward hour,
While haughty Neville up exulting came.

On lightning's wing, with vengeance in his eye,
Fierce as a thousand furies forth he flew,
Wielding his blood-stained battle-axe on high,
To level Scotia's hero stanch and true.

But Heav'n, that ever eyes and shields the brave,
Though death and peril menace and abound,
Stretched forth his arm omnipotent to save;
Thus peerless valour ample succours found.

As Sinclair with his chosen few advanced,
And circled round him as a wall of fire,
Soon on another charger there he pranced,
Dealing destruction with avenging ire.

On right and left bold Neville was assailed,
But like a shattered bark at length gave way
Before the stemless tide which here prevailed—
A tide of blood, of terror, and dismay.

Though broke the lines, troops scattered here and
there,
Yet they again resumed a partial form,
And host on host once more were brought to bear,
In all the dreadful vengeance of the storm.

At length, as bends the oak beneath the blast,
The English yielded to impending fate;
In wild confusion fled they at the last,
As fugitives before the good and great;

Expecting all by flight a pass to find,
Then to the eastward of yon spreading plain,
And thus gain refuge from the storm behind;
But all anticipation proved in vain.

Then rushed our heroes on their vanquished foes—
Relentless fury glared in every eye;
Deaf to the calls for quarter that arose,
The woods returned their dying wail and cry.

While hundreds o'er yon precipices flew,
Who at the base a mangled ruin lay;
And there remained of freedom's foes but few
To tell the tidings of that dismal day.

None had escaped the all-devouring storm
That raged and ravaged with resistless power,
Had not their leaders, with humane decorum,
Then checked the carnage of that dreadful hour:

And thus allowed the hapless hence to fly,
Like Lot away from Sodom's fiery doom,
Bewailing their defeat with many a sigh,
Disgraced, dishonoured, sunk in hopeless gloom.

But years and ages since have passed away,
And shrouded in their flight those scenes of gore;
All feudal strifes and quarrels, where are they ?
The braying trumpet, the tumultuous roar ?

The clang of arms, the bustling to and fro,
When hostile bands in bannered pomp appear;
The shouts of triumph and the plaints of woe
No more arrest the Muse that lingers here.

Where Scotia's heroes, bulwarks of her name,
Her pride, her glory, with their laurelled brow,
Whose scorpion-scourges lashed Oppression tame,
And sceptred Tyranny compelled to bow ?

What though their dust to dust hath long returned,
Though lost their forms as bubbles on the wave ?
Their hallowed names in glory bright have burned
Through ages, and shall triumph o'er the grave.

What though no piles of sculptured beauty rise,
A nation's gratitude to image forth ?
A nation's heart can best immortalize—
The only lasting tribute to their worth.

How changed these scenes where frequent have they
trod,
In all the glory of victorious power !
Where thousands bravely rallied at their nod,
And faced invasion in her darkest hour.

All is a blank, a wilderness, a waste—
Oblivion here erects her ebon throne;
Where, in the wreck of ages, can be traced
The power and splendour once on Roslin shone ?

No faint memorial tells where once it stood;
A motley village bears the honoured name,
Since regal vengeance, as a fiery flood,
In ashes laid that town of antique fame.

Thou hoary ruin, crumbling in decay,
The prey of kindred fury and of years,
No more thy portals welcome in the gay—
The princely retinue no more appears.

In thee what solitude and silence now !
The sighing winds the lonely thistles wave—
The broom and brier in homage seem to bow,
And weep o'er wrecked magnificence the grave.

Where now the trains of conquering heroes, where
Oft met within thy once resplendent halls ?
All fled as dreams: the owl her home has there,
And hoots in sorrow to thy naked walls.

Where, too, the revelry, the laugh, and song—
The fairy dance, where fashion used to float—
The swelling music that inspired the throng ?
Here all are evanescent, all forgot.

Approach with reverence, Folly, and be wise—
To Wisdom's grave monitions here attend;
Pride and Ambition bow in tears and sighs,
And recognise your vanity and end.

Ye sons of pleasure, fashion, wealth and fame,
'Mid Fortune's smiles, on wheels of splendour
hurled,
Here learn that these are but an empty name—
Life but a dream, a shadow but the world.

In pleasing sorrow let me linger here,
And breathe to Solitude my tale of woe;
Thy classic scenes, O Roslin, I revere—
Thy wizard fancy still where'er I go.

With awe to thee, thou venerable dome,
And reverential homage last I turn,
Whose ruined grandeur's deep inspiring gloom
In silent accents seems to bid me mourn.

And where the worshipper without a sigh,
While musing o'er thy grey corroded walls,
Where nameless sculpture fascinates the eye,
Whose mangled elegance the heart appals ?

Thy figured glories time hath long effaced—
Thy towers and turrets blasted and decayed,
And changed thee to a melancholy waste—
The swallow's dwelling, and the bat's lone shade.

Though sport of accident, of years the prey,
Hail ! hallowed relic, wonder of the age,
Whose frowning ruins mournfully betray
Reforming fury and fanatic rage.

Ah ! stern thy fate—in vain a Cochran's care,
Who nobly strove to shield thee from that hour
Which spoiled what spoiling Hertford deigned to spare,
Despite the mandate of imperial power.

Where now thy altars rich in regal state,
Where knelt in homage Scotia's lovely Queen,
Encircled by the brave, the good, and great,
And heroes panoplied in warlike sheen ?

Demolished quite by that ignoble band,
No vestige marks their consecrated place;
The holy Twelve no more like seraphs stand
'Midst pillared grandeur of unrivalled grace.

Yes ! dim and desolate thy courts appear,
Where, slumbering, rest the brave untrophied dead,
Whose viewless shades in dreadful concert here
Flit through thy gloomy aisles with noiseless tread.

Thy priests and people time hath swept away,
The prince, the hero patriot of yore;
The plain, the polished, and the grave and gay,
In wonted worship mingle here no more.

To imaged saints the knee hath ceased to bow—
Here matin orisons no more ascend
In sacred homage to the Virgin now,
Nor pealing vespers in devotion blend.

Within thy rueful cells and shades profound,
Where the grim monk, in sacerdotal weeds,
By guilt, and crime, and terror circled round,
And Penance, pouring forth her ruthless deeds.

No tearless anguish lifts the wailing eye
To holy fraud, and breathes the tale sincere—
No bleeding hearts for absolution sigh,
Nor fresh indulgence asked nor granted here.

The curtain's dropped—the theatre stands alone—
Scenes, acts, and actors in oblivion laid;
Here all is o'er, for ever past and gone,
Fled like the baseless fabric of a shade.

Though now with deep reluctance and regret,
Thy humid cells and courts I bid adieu—
Their grave instructions can the heart forget,
If once it but their power and pathos knew ?

How vain are volumes here the Muse to teach,
To lure to virtue and inspire her lays,
Compared with these dumb monitors, that preach
Their sober homilies a thousand ways !

Heaven ! while I wander through life's thorny
waste,
Where care, and vanity, and vice ensnare,
Grant from the soul their truths be ne'er effaced,
But treasured up as precious jewels there.

Then fare thee well, to me thrice hallowed fane !

Adieu, ye flowery glens and sylvan shades,
Eve's dusky mantle now enrobes the plain,

And on the view the classic landscape fades.

—••—

THE WANDERING POOR.

GOD help the poor ! protect them by the way,
While through life's weary wilderness they stray;
What storms, what tempests, in perpetual strife,
From day to day o'ercast their sky of life—
God help the poor !

What bitter sorrow, hardship, and distress
In endless forms upon the helpless press,
Forlorn and destitute, without a home,
Defenceless, friendless, thus they wretched roam—
God help the poor !

From house to house, soliciting in sighs
The stinted morsel with imploring eyes,
Oft sneeringly bestowed in cold disdain,
Only to wound the wounded heart again—
God help the poor !

Here from the gate chased by the mastiff's growl,
There from the dwelling spurned with fiendish howl,
Repulsed with insult, infamy, and scorn,
By haughty menials galling to be borne—
God help the poor !

Wandering o'er mountains, through the lonely glen,
Unheeded by the callous sons of men,
While fertile plains and Nature's barren wild
Are scoured in suff'ring by misfortune's child—
God help the poor !

Exposed to scorching ray's of summer's sun
And winter's blast, life's cheerless race they run;
Through moor and marsh, in hunger and in pain,
Blanched by the snow, and battered by the rain—
God help the poor !

With tattered garments into fragments torn,
Oft with their hapless progeny forlorn,
They haunt the rock, for shelter seek the glade,
And oft the hay ruck is their only shade—
God help the poor !

ON THE WRECK OF THE PEGASUS,

A Hull and Leith Steamer, which happened about the end of July 1843.

HOW thrice enchanting shone that fatal eve !
 What pen or pencil can its sweets portray !
 When Pegasus lay loading, Leith to leave,
 Decked as a Nymph fair on her nuptial day,
 To plough the trackless deep, old Hull to pay
 Her wonted visit, as for many a year,
 Fraught with a cargo of the grave and gay !
 The brave and timid in the group appear—
 The sons of Truth, with those who at her sneer.

And, lo ! amid the circling fairy throng,
 The reverend father and the laurelled sage;
 There buoyant youth chants o'er the am'rous song,
 And wave the locks dipt in the snows of age;
 And there the lovers in fresh vows engage,
 With burning words and dream of nuptial joys;
 The sportive boy and prattling girl, too, wage
 Their juvenile disputes o'er games and toys—
 All seemed to pluck the fruit that never cloys.

Bright shone the Sun, to bless them with his smile,
 To gild creation and the slumbering wave;

Ah ! little dreamt they, ere a little while,
That he would thus shine o'er their common grave,
And stormy billows would above them rave !
That they to "Scotia" might have bid farewell,
To home, to friends, and all the world e'er gave;
That those they left behind should shortly tell,
With many a sob, what fate to them befel !

Alas ! for frail short-sighted fleeting man,
Pleased with the foibles of the passing hour;
How full of hope to-day, of scheme and plan,
To-morrow blasted as the fragile flower !
Or like the leaves when Autumn sweeps the bower,
Soon, soon, to be as if he ne'er had been,
By Death's invading and relentless power,
On Life's precarious, ever-shifting scene,
Where care and sorrow blight each joy we glean.

Then came the hour, the gangway drawn ashore,
The cable hauled, and all obstructions clear;
All then was right, thence dashing off she bore
Her way across the glassy deep to steer,
And like a ploughshare Ocean's breast to tear;
While beat each heart with feelings strange and new,
Increasing pleasure banished every fear,
As fairy scenes thick crowded on the view,
And from the gaze successively withdrew.

The glowing landscape, robed in Summer's pride—
The spreading forest—distant hills arose—

Towns, villages, by magic seemed to glide,
And ever and anon fresh views disclose;
While the lone sea-gull flitting comes and goes,
With other tribes whose home is on the deep,
All tended soft, rude passions to compose,
And in reflection every sense to steep,
And charm them onwards in their limpid sweep.

Sweet then the sun with setting lustre beamed,
With splendour tinging bright the evening sky;
While o'er the ocean floods of glory streamed,
With sparkling radiance nothing could outvie—
All seemed as Deity was drawing nigh;
But shortly these all faded from the sight,
And Vesper mounted had his car on high,
Who chased the shadows of receding light,
And silent ushered in the peaceful night;

Which, like an empress in her weeds of woe,
Came softly and resumed her sable throne,
To light her wake, hung out her lamps to glow;
While Cynthia mild in waning lustre shone.
But all grew dimmer as the night drew on:
At last the moon and stars in clouds were lost,
And billows rose, by northern breezes blown;
By this dread night her zenith-point had crossed,
And they had neared that well-known fatal coast,

Where the white surf the Ferny Isles embrace,
And lurking death lies yawning for his prey

'Mong shelving rocks, which mark the dismal place
Of wreck and ruin, horror and dismay;
Which now they view, and prosecute their way
Through shallow water, as the tide was low,
That showed the perils thick that round them lay,
But, ah ! ne'er dreading their impending woe,
Which baffles here the power of words to show.

Scarce had another surge Pegasus lashed,
Till with a thund'ring, horrid crashing sound
Against the Goldstone's sunken reef she dashed:
Then foamed the deep, as if in fetters bound,
While the lone echoes hoarsely pealed around;
Her bow was stoven, fixed lay she and fast,
All efforts unavailing yet were found;
And many sleeping rose, and frantic passed
Up to the crowded deck, all pale, aghast.

Thrice trying moment: wordless the despair !
There midnight horror ev'ry visage veiled—
Struck out each smile; as every bosom there
Was filled with tremblings, and by fears assailed;
While dread forebodings through all hearts pre-
vailed:
Eyes flashed on eyes in mutual alarm
And frantic terror, as all courage failed,
Hope fled each breast, and with her every charm;
Dismayed, all eyed Fate's dread uplifted arm.
And there were tears and heavy-laden sighs,
Heartrending anguish and convulsive throes,

With dismal groans, wild, horrid shrieks, and cries
To Heav'n for mercy in that hour arose:
That He would pity show, and interpose:
Some wrung their hands, while others howling
tore
Their hair in frenzy, and loud wailings rose,
With dismal screams, wild oaths, and curses sore,
In chorus with the waves' hoarse dashing roar.

Amid the dire commotion and distress—
This scene of nameless horror and despair—
Forth came the man of God them to address,
And proffer to Omnipotence the prayer,
With looks commanding, and divine-like air:
Fixed in his faith, resigned and undismayed,
In spite of all he then was doomed to bear;
To him no matter how Death came arrayed,
He had the pledge of joys that never fade,

Of pleasures endless, blessings ever new,
Which eye ne'er saw, ear heard, or mind con-
ceived,
Rich, fragrant, glorious, bursting on the view—
All, all to him, by God to be bequeathed
That moment he from suffering was relieved;
Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal Sire,
'Mid weeping groups of every stay bereaved,
With heart all glowing with seraphic fire,
Thus prays the saint in his affliction dire:—

“Eternal King ! Source and Supreme of all !

Fountain of light and life, we bow to Thee
Before thy throne, for aid and succour call,

That Thou wouldest in thy mercy now us free
From these dread perils that around us be,
And thus our danger into safety turn;

Our woe exchanged for gladness may we see;
The oil of joy O give to all who mourn,
That every heart with gratitude may burn !

“But, O thou holy, ever-blessed One !

If Thou hast otherwise for us decreed,
Here, as in heaven, thy sovereign will be done,

And for our change prepare us now indeed:
For through our Saviour’s merits now we
plead,

And through his all-atoning blood alone—

Whose cleansing virtue all transgressors need—
May we in triumph all surround Thy throne,
Where death, and sin, and sorrow are unknown.”

By this the engines had the seamen backed,

And the dishevelled vessel off the reef,
But short her liquid path Pegasus tracked

Till came Destruction, like a warlike chief,
With havoc horrible as efforts brief;

As through her shattered bows the torrents gushed,
Impaling every hope of fond relief,

Out went the fires, the engine’s noise was hushed;
Then to the previous lowered boats some rushed

With overpowering impulse, gloom, and fears,
And left the vessel merging in the deep;
While some remained to weep and howl in tears,
And perish there in Fate's devouring sweep;
And up the rigging then did many creep,
Frantic in all the horror of despair,
In vain for mercy there to wail and weep,
And sigh in sorrow to the midnight air,
And pour to nature's God their dying prayer.

Amid the deafening clamour, grief, and woe,
With sympathetic tenderness survey
The sobbing mother there, with many a throe
Of tearless anguish, stooping now to pray
O'er her two smiling innocents at play,
Whose happy voices mingle with the moan
Of broken-hearted sorrow and dismay,
But little knew the storm was speeding on
To drift their little barks to shores unknown.

For ere a few short fleeting moments passed
The horrid scene its dismal climax gained,
As down head foremost bounced she at the last,
And in the bosom of the deep remained.
Swamped were the boats, though every nerve was
strained
To poise the little skiffs upon the wave;
And then and there gaunt Death in triumph reigned,
From whose dominion nothing could them save,
And now all hope to desperation gave.

The night, wrapped deep with splashing labour,
groaned
In dismal concert to the shriek and yell
Of struggling mortals, who, in sinking, moaned
To those they loved the long and wild farewell,
Whose deep-toned peals rung as a funeral knell;
But louder far those female screams and cries
Which rose amid the waves' devouring swell;
And dread the howlings and departing sighs
Which marked that hour of death and agonies.

But soon, ah soon, and all was past and gone !
The sounds of woe and wailing heard no more,
The billowed deep in solitude rolled on
With bold, majestic, and hoarse swelling roar
O'er many a death-chilled heart which short before
Beat high in virtue, noble, bold, and brave;
With lovers fond, whom Fate asunder tore,
As youth and beauty failed that night to save,
And talent, worth, and wisdom found a grave.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

THOU glorious mirror of the Deity !
Hail ! Virtue, hail ! however here attired;
The cot, the palace, are alike to thee,
Diffusive as the light, and ever free.
Who are save self-excluded from thy pale ?
Source of all good, supreme to be desired,
As dust with thee a world is, in the scale;
Native of realms where angels had their birth,
Uniting God with man, and heaven with earth.

Oh truth sublime ! despite that blight we know,
Which paled an Eden's once immortal bloom,
What sweet memorials of its genial glow,
And pristine splendour, mark we here below,
In Virtue's presence, sacred and divine,
Circling in lucid halos to the tomb !
The heads of those whose memories shall shine
As lights, to generations yet unborn,
Whose hearts and lives humanity adorn.

But ah ! how brief on earth the best career !
A moment, and the meteor's flash is o'er.
All is but change and separation here,
Howe'er esteemed and to each other dear;
As shadows hence we fleeting pass away,
Our absence leaving others to deplore,

Who Nature's debt in turn alike must pay;
Pre-doomed are all: life, even at the best,
Reminds us daily this is not our rest.

What desolation ever and anon !
Again we mourn the ravages of fate:
The worthy and the excellent is gone,
And Heaven with usury resumed his own;
"TRUE TO THE END," and to her God endeared,
O brilliant model of the truly great !
Wherever known, regretted and revered;
Long bright emblazoned on the roll of Fame,
Shall flourish her thrice venerable name.

Though rich in all that affluence could ensure,
With melting sympathy her bosom glowed
Towards the hapless, the infirm, and poor,
Whose comfort was her glory to secure;
For ever ready succour to extend,
Her own, their cause by nameless deeds she showed,
And proved of friendless poverty the friend.
As such, devoted, amiably she stood,
And passed a life in daily doing good.

Her heart was open as her gates to all,
No homeless wanderer implored in vain;
Nor e'er was spurned gaunt Famine's moving call,
From the well-known and hospitable hall,
Where ragged wretchedness and helpless age,
The widow, fatherless, and orphan train,

Were sure her deep compassion to engage;
Yea, found calamity, of every form,
There in her pity refuge from the storm.

Nor was that charity to home confined,
And slumbered save when suffering pleaded
there;
The local poor seemed round her heart entwined.
Wherever need in lonely sorrow pined,
When known, was true benevolence displayed;
While oft, with kind anticipating care,
It others sought to bless with secret aid;
Thus saving modesty the blush and throe,
And lighting smiles where tears were wont to flow.

How many here her bounty warmed and clad,
When bleak and frowning Winter would return;
May o'er the memory of the honoured dead,
In sighing unity, devoutly shed
The holy, pearly tribute of the heart,
And deeply now a modern Dorcas mourn;
Heaven knows if gratitude is not their part,
The only sacrifice the poor can make:
Long hallowed may it burn for Virtue's sake.

Though nature wrings from every breast the
sigh,
We will not weep as those who hopeless weep;
In God, O blessed are the dead who die!
In peace, as havened barks, secure they lie—

All troubles o'er, all perils passed away.
Dead!—no, 'tis but a sweet refreshing sleep,
Since in the tomb its mighty Spoiler lay,
Who conquering rose; and will He leave his
own
Blood-ransomed trophies, jewels of his crown?

Ah no! that Prince, omnipotent to save,
Their manumission by his own secured;
Though Death may still his sable standard wave,
Soon o'er the rayless empire of the grave
A glorious, vivifying morn shall rise:
Forth shall they come, as gold which has en-
dured
The crucible, to wing yon azure skies,
In bowers of immortality to dwell;
Hence all with her for ever now is well.

EPITAPH ON A WELL-KNOWN ONE.

BENEATH this sod a baneful viper lies,
By earth abhorred, an outcast from the skies;
Through life he wronged, defrauded, and oppressed,
A Pharisaic, ravening wolf at best.

He wore religion as a priest his gown;
And Falsehood, blushing, claimed him for her own.
Gold was his god, and gain his soul's delight;
For this he toiled, that hunted day and night.

Deaf to the plaints of pity and of woe,
His frozen heart was never taught to glow;
But every claim of wretchedness withstood,
Nor felt the luxury of doing good.

Let midnight's pall for ever shroud his name,
His memory rotten with it share the same;
And let his natal and his mortal day,
Accursed, blasted, from the earth decay !

LENNEL CHURCHYARD.

fLY, ye profane; else rev'rently draw near
With awe this hallowed, melancholy spot,
Scene of dull solitude and holy fear,
Inspiring dread and venerable thought.

Deep sighs the wind—hark! its prophetic sound,
As moaning sweeps it through the distant trees,
And how the lonely owlet's plaint profound
Accords distinctly with the fitful breeze.

Around, the soothing symphony to swell,
Commingle soft the murmurs of the Tweed,
Sweeping each fairy bank and classic dell,
Time symbolizing in her winged speed.

Impetuous Time, who can arrest thee? None.
Wafting adown thy tide, at every turn,
Our fondest hopes, and leaving thus alone
The widowed heart in sorrow but to mourn.

Here many sleep embalmed in memory dear,
O'er whom with me ecstatic fled the hours,
But o'er whose blasted friendship drops the tear;
Can I forget—O never!—yonder bowers?

Precarious, short-lived, sublunary joy,
Bright vision of to-day, to-morrow gone,
Fruit which to Fancy never seems to cloy;
But realized, ah ! unalloyed by none.

Yea all, at best, how mutable and vain !
Proclaims the silent eloquence of Death,
Whose dreary province is earth's wide domain,
Writhing convulsed beneath his septic breath.

Where now distinction, honour, homage ? where
Pride, avarice, ambition, and our hate ?
And where contention affluence to share,
'Mongst all these melancholy heaps of fate ?

Soon shall I be what I, alas ! deplore—
My name, my years, be read by passers-by;
O'er the frail stone, which tells I am no more,
Some friend may drop a tear, or heave a sigh.

MY NATIVE BORDER HOME.

(1) FOR yon heights where waves the pine,
Again there let me roam:
What charms on earth can rival thine,
My native border home ?

Who would not gladly bid adieu
Betimes to toil and care—
To hail the pleasures ever new
That richly blossom there ?

How sweet through blue-bells there to wade,
And see the primrose spring—
To hear beneath the vernal shade
The mellow warblers sing !

And give me there alone to stray,
In rapture to behold
The lovely landscape, fresh and gay,
Its magic scenes unfold.

There wafts the Tweed her pearly tide,
How soft her murmuring flow,
Bathing her osier emerald side,
Where fragrant hawthorns blow

And oh, yon hallowed craggy steep,
Where silence reigns alone,
And countless throngs oblivious sleep,
Of years and ages gone.

And there the peaceful hamlet spreads,
Where fields and orchards smile;
And hail, embraced by deep'ning shades,
Yon fairy portly pile.

And sweet the daisy-spangled mead,
Where blithe the lambkin plays;
How bland its charms renew indeed
The joys of other days.

Of life's ambrosial cloudless morn,
Where now the seraph band,
That gambolled gay beneath the thorn,
Or gemmed yon pebbled strand ?

I see them imaged in the clouds,
On Cheviot's distant brow;
And every grove and bower enshrouds
For me but memories now.

Thus sacred thrice those scenes to me,
How thrilling ! how benign !
Round which, as ivy round the tree,
My sympathies entwine.

Then for yon heights where waves the pine,
Again there let me roam;
What charms on earth can rival thine,
My native Border home ?

—•—

ADDRESS TO MANCHESTER.

Give me again my Pegasus to mount,
When slaked her thirst at bland Castalia's fount,
Upon the subtle lightning of her wing
The glory of my sea-girt isle to sing.
Thrice happy Albion, long my proudest boast,
Revered from sea to sea, from coast to coast,
For virtue, honour, independence, brave—
Disdaining the enslaver and the slave.
'Tis true my native hills and vales I love,
And ever will, attest, ye powers above;
My shady woodlands, love-retiring bowers,
Pealing with song, and waving bright with flowers.
Still, in despite their universal charms,
Another spot my soul peculiar warms.
'Tis there, since twined the thistle with the rose,
Since knit whom Nature never meant for foes,
Art glories rich her triumphs to display,
And trade unfettered rules supreme the day;

And there, beneath the olive shade of Peace,
Enthroned, smiles Commerce in her golden fleece,
Bequeathing, godlike, to the brave and free,
Ease, elegance, and moral dignity,
Scattering abroad with talismanic hand
Her endless boons afar from strand to strand;
Attiring millions—bidding comforts rise,
With all that social happiness implies,
Where Winter shackles with her icy chain,
To realms where Summer holds eternal reign.
Name but, in short, the region or the zone,
Famed city, to thy enterprise unknown,
Thou iris, crowning bright old England's name,
The sinews, life-blood, vitals of her fame;
Say, rather, with thy colours free, unfurled—
The star, the sun, of the mercantile world.
Thus merited are thy immortal bays,
Evoking here my humble meed of praise.
And hail thy sons—the generous, ever hail !
Long may their basket and their store prevail;
And long may gratitude inspire my song,
The memory of their kindness to prolong
To struggling genius, whose ethereal fire,
But for their aid, seemed ready to expire—
Or like the child, when wafted by the wave,
To find, unrescued, a precocious grave.
And, ah ! the social joys that blossom there,
When plucked, how exquisite beyond compare—
The hopes, the ties, the friendships which impart
Life's genial, glowing sunshine to the heart !

Can I forget them ? can the sun to glow ?
Spring gem with roses polar wastes of snow ?
Ah no ! the bridegroom may the bride disown,
Her child the mother, or the prince his crown ;
But round the past, as tendrils round the vine,
My soul in spellbound sympathy shall twine :
Wherever in the ways of men I stray,
And whether flowers or thorns bestrew my way—
Till life's last ember ceases here to burn—
Till soul to soul, and dust to dust, return.

—••—

THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN.

 O ! at the last the emigrant returns
To that dear land for which his bosom burns.
No spot on earth to him is so endeared—
No scenes so pleasing, hallowed, and revered,
As those he left in glowing, youthful prime :
By hardship urged to seek a distant clime.
Though absent long for many fleeting years,
Still memory still his native land endears.
There Fancy fondly lingers, to survey
The spectred pleasures of Life's vernal day.
Dear to his heart, bright must'ring to his eye,
To wound the feelings and awake the sigh—
That sigh than words more eloquent to show
The inward struggles of unmingleth woe

That agitate his bleeding, troubled soul,
Too powerful for her efforts to control;
At last, o'ercome in Nature's dismal hour,
He yields to Sorrow's all-resistless power.
Full, full his heart ! in tears he seeks relief
From mental anguish and foreboding grief,
As he beholds now rising on the view
The well-known hills and cloud-topped mountains
blue,
In wild sublimity and towering pride;
With rayless glens, where horrid deaths reside.
His native woods and spreading plains appear,
While sad memorials draw afresh the tear,
And silent whisper now of bygone days,
With joys departed as the meteor's blaze.
Those scenes he views where first his infant eye
Gazed on the peaceful current rippling by;
Along whose banks, beneath the stately trees,
Maternal fondness wonted would him please
By plucking daisies and primroses mild,
And for him busk the little nosegay wild;
Point to the birds, the sheep upon the plain—
Thus woo his smile, and his attention gain.
Still dearer still, where childhood used to stray
With playful mates to sport the time away,
Upon the turf swept by the crystal tide,
And gather pebbles on its channelled side.
There in the pool the nimble minnow watch,
And keenly strive the finny prey to catch;
Or run, pursuing with an anxious eye,

The humming bee or gaudy butterfly;
Tired with the frolics of the happy day,
Then hand in hand would pace their homeward way;
With hearts elated with a kindred joy
Unknown to care or aught that can annoy.

His glistening eyes bedimmed afresh with tears,
Now wander o'er the scenes of riper years;
Where rise the lovely landscape on the sight,
Where oft he mused away the summer night,
And heard the river's louely, distant wail,
Fanned by the balmy and refreshing gale.

He eyes the rocky steep and hallowed stone,
Where Friendship's vows were solemnized alone,
Unseen by every eye but Heav'n's above,
He often drank the cordial stream of Love—
Felt all its moving and its melting power
In each lone walk, sweet grove, and shaded bower.

No spot he passes, of whatever kind,
But with its story strikes his working mind.
All things around him eloquently preach,
And teach what volumes ever fail to teach.
With pain he marks the changes which have passed
O'er well-known places since he saw them last.

Within the precincts of his natal spot,
Which now he enters—ah ! the exile's lot—
There he beholds, with sadness and surprise,
The many changes now that meet his eyes—
How strange and altered ! all around seem new;
Now stands the mansion where the hawthorn grew;
Whole streets appear where cattle oft had grazed;

Where stood the oak the house of God is raised.
Those humble homes to which he would repair
To spend the night and social pleasures share—
Where are they now ? no lineament or trace
Is left of them to mark the hallowed place:
All levelled down by Time's destroying hand,
And in their room now others proudly stand.
His father's cot in sorrow next he sees,
And trembling enters, while new horrors seize
His anxious soul, oppressed with grief and care:
For, lo ! what sad and woful change is there !
None comes to meet him with a welcome kind,
To hear his tale, or soothe his troubled mind:
The social circle there no more appears,
But widely scattered through a vale of tears.
The winning child he left upon the knee,
The little school-boy full of mirth and glee,
To men are grown, and now abroad they roam
Through other scenes far from their native home.
The prattling girl, amused with little toys,
Now drinks the nectar of connubial joys;
Who, with her husband, sighed a sad adieu,
In other lands life's journey to pursue.
His parents mingle with their kindred clay,
Which wounds afresh, and deepens his dismay.
A race unknown now occupy the cot,
Who at him stare, and own they know him not:
While in the streets few can he recognise
Among the groups that meet his wondering eyes.
Of this new race he takes a calm survey,

Sees here and there the head of silver grey,
Faint recollects the features of the sage,
Though frail and tottering off this mortal stage.
Ah, mournful change ! how much he feels alone—
All his acquaintance and companions gone;
Some nipped by death, the others squandered wide
Upon life's ocean's ever-changing tide.
When comes the welcome, peaceful Sabbath round,
He hears the bell's all soft, inviting sound,
That oft him summoned to the house of prayer,
Led by parental tenderness and care;
Again he visits now the sacred place,
But vainly looks to recognise a face.
The priest has changed the pulpit for the tomb,
And there another fills his holy room;
There he beholds, ranged in the seats no more
His trusty comrades of the days of yore;
And sees, alas ! with pain and sorrow new,
His honoured father's old frequented pew—
Where oft they met, and joyful thither came
To worship God, and call upon his name—
Possessed by others strange and far remote,
As recognition owns she knows them not.
But, lastly, see him, deep in dread dismay,
The lonely churchyard next a visit pay,
To muse alone, to heave the bitter sigh,
O'er sleeping thousands, that oblivious lie
Low in the bleak and cheerless narrow tomb,
Dread place of solitude and rayless gloom.
Each stone he views, its brief inscription reads;

Sad in his heart: how recollection bleeds,
As o'er his sod-wrapt friends he softly treads,
And many a tear of heartfelt sorrow sheds
For pleasures vanished and for ever gone,
Like snows dissolved when April's breath has blown !
At last he sees his parents' burial mound,
All saddened down, all levelled with the ground;
And o'er the mossy stone, by Time decayed,
Sad mourns the havoc the destroyer made;
There, deep in anguish, drops anew the tear
Of filial love and sympathy sincere;
Then lifting up his eyes in faith to God,
He bows submissive to his chastening rod;
With hope anticipates the final day,
When conquered Death shall render back his prey—
When earth and ocean, at this dreadful hour,
Shall hear the fiat, and their millions pour;
Then shall he meet, no separation feared,
With those whom nature to his soul endeared,
In regions glowing with eternal spring,
Whose hallowed scenes with endless praises ring—
Where sweets unnumbered ever clust'ring grow,
And living waters clear as crystal flow—
Where they shall dwell for ever, and refine,
In endless knowledge, truth, and grace divine.
Blessed consummation, crowning all desires!
He sighs in hope, and from the spot retires.

LAMENT FOR THE SUDDEN DEATH OF AN INTIMATE ACQUAINTANCE.

Written while standing over his Grave in Lennel Churchyard.

THOUGH Spring returns to clothe the naked trees,

And fragrant blossoms open to the day;
Though songs of love are wafted in the breeze,
Yet what can glad the bosom of dismay ?

Or soothe the heart that sobs in bitter grief—
That bleeds for joys which never can return ?
To him how vain e'en Nature's kind relief,
Whom cruel fate recalls, alas ! to mourn !

While sad I muse, O come, ye gentle gale !
List to my plaint, and waft my sighs along,
Till sympathizing echoes wake and wail,
The dirge of lonely friendship to prolong.

Ye rueful trees, in keeping with my woe,
Which seem to share my sorrow by your nod,
Soft may your sainted shades embalm the flow
Of Nature's tribute to bedew the sod !

O ! as again I view the silent spot,
How bleeding Fancy musters up her train

Of hallowed joys, and stings the wounded thought
With social hours we ne'er must share again!

Ah ! ruthless blow, unceremonious fate,
Which swept from earth my boasted hope so
soon,
Who bright that morning smiled with soul elate,
But like the flower lay withered long ere noon !

Through life his memory in mine shall bloom,
His moral worth my mournful lays inspire,
Which oft this saddened bosom would illume,
And wake to ecstasy my humble lyre.

Acute in feeling, in affection pure,
Immutable in Virtue's noble cause;
Religion's unassuming ornature,
A living incarnation of her laws.

In God, ah ! blessed he indeed who dies !
Why should I mourn ? though absent, is he
lost ?
Are stars at noon ? the bark which havened lies
Secure, serene, though on another coast ?

All hail ! that glorious, that auspicious morn,
The seed immortal shall resign its clay,
His cell the captive, with exulting, scorn
All troubles, tears for ever washed away !

Then shall he "bask in uncreated rays,"
And share unmixed pleasures ever new,
And strike the golden lyre in endless praise
In concert with the chosen, faithful few.

—••—

THE FRIENDLY WISH.

LIFE of my life, my joy and pleasure,
Genial sunshine of the heart;
The gift of Heaven, O hallowed treasure !
Time nor death shall e'er us part.

For O the golden ties that bind us
Bear the stamp and seal divine !
The sweets we taste of heaven remind us,
As they never know decline.

Ah ! what those joys and glowing feelings
Soul-united friends inspire,
But the heartfelt. blest revealings
Of the burning seraph's fire ?

And now, my friend of tried affection,
Ever faithful and sincere,
With heart a stranger to deception,
Graced by all that can endear,

List to the warmest benediction
Of a friend sincere and true,
Regard it as the heart's conviction
Which for ever glows for you.

May Heaven be with thee while pursuing
Through life's wilderness thy way,
The manna of His grace renewing,
Proving still thy friend and stay.

May health, and happiness, and honour,
Peace and plenty, wait on thee;
And may the good and gracious Donor
Shower all other blessings free !

As dews refresh the lovely flower,
And brighten up its native bloom,
So may untainted virtue's power
Thy soul refresh and heart illume !

May knowledge, wisdom, truth, and favour,
Overflowing and divine,
Guide every action and endeavour,
And on thee for ever shine !

Last, when thy wand'rings are completed
Through this vale of care and woe,
By seraphs may thy soul be greeted
Where the living waters flow !

There may you live, and share for ever
 Bliss secured beyond decay,
 And joys unmingle, fading never,
 'Mid the scenes of endless day !

—••—

PARODY ON THE BURIAL OF
 SIR JOHN MOORE.

NO T a sound was heard, but laughter and mirth,
 As drunk to his cell him we carried,
 And o'er him loud sang of his talents and worth,
 But wished the poor devil was married.

On the floor we stretched him at dead of night,
 The straw with our feet overturning;
 By the clear shining beams of the cheerful gas-light,
 Since the "gloaming" full cock he'd left burning.

No nightcap encircled his timeworn brows,
 Nor in sheet nor in blanket we wound him;
 But he lay like Silenus taking his snooze,
 With his worthy disciples around him.

For the "British" we cursed his unquenchable love,
 As life of his life was the bottle;

We saw that such folly his ruin would prove,
And swore he should join the Teetotal.

We thought as we tossed up his lonely, cold bed,
What our heroes we left would be thinking;
That soon will they trumpet the scandal, and spread
The shame of such merciless drinking.

How many the laurels will wrench from his name,
Unsparing insult, and upbraid him;
But what needs he care, self-damned is his fame,
For low has the "enemy" laid him.

We finished our task as the clock had struck one,
And thought it high time for retiring;
By the clamour we heard the new-year had begun,
For all was the "spirit" inspiring.

Then gladly, at length, we bade him farewell,
All snuffy, and filthy, and gory;
As a sow in its sty, but, wondrous to tell,
That we left him alone in his glory.

ON THE DEATH OF T. J., ESQUIRE.

THIS morn, alas ! another shock,
Enough to melt a heart o' rock,
For just as yon auld crazy clock
Had whispered ane,
Death loud at Tammy's door did knock,
And aff him taen,

Frae a' his joys and sorrows here,
His troubles lang, and pain severe;
That saunt and sinner, far and near,
Without gainsay
Can vouch their like did ne'er appear
Sin' Herod's day.

Ye sons o' Justice, baith ane and a',
O mourn your elder brother's fa';
Weel may your backs be at the wa',
Ye'll sadly see
Hoo sic an oracle o' law
Can wanted be.

Lament, ye gentry o' the chase,
And a' ye lovers o' a race:
He was o' a your core the ace
For mony a year,

Then o'er his memory pour, alas !
A kindred tear.

Weep, a' ye gossips and gallants,
In private dens and public haunts,
Ye've lost your king: a warld o' wants,
 Ye ken ower weel,
At a' your dinners, balls, and rants
 Ye noo maun feel.

But, ah ! Religion, dinna mourn;
Thy standard ne'er by him was borne—
Thy priests and saunts he laughed to scorn,
 Whate'er their creed,
And fain thy holy wreath waud torn
 Frae aff their head.

Sae whare he's gane, wi' a' his sneers,
His taunts, and mocks, and witty jeers,
Lord knows; still mony hae their fears,
 And I amang 'em,
He's taen the left—if not, some swears
 The deil he'll wrang him.

ON THE MILLENNIUM.

HAIL, blessed turn ! ecstatic change of things !

Transporting era ! wrapt Isaiah sings,
When the lone desert and the pathless waste,
The howling wilderness by savage paced,
Where hordes degraded grope in moral night,
And Superstition reigns with sceptred right,
Where deeds of darkness, cruelty, and rage,
Revenge and death, the human fiend engage,
Shall all the sweets of Lebanon assume,
Like Carmel blossom, and as Sharon bloom,
Yea, richly glow in Eden-like array,
Nursed by the smiles of pure, unclouded day;
And everywhere shall gloriously appear
The flowing stream, the pool as crystal clear.
No prowling lion shall those scenes pervade,
Nor reeds and rushes lend the dragon shade;
But gentle Peace, all lovely and divine,
Shall spread her blessings sacred and benign,
Bland, rich, impartial, free, and unconfined,
O'er every cast and colour of our kind.
One common weal shall every bosom fire,
And true philanthropy each soul inspire.
Strength from on high the weak shall then obtain,
The feeble knees their wonted powers regain,

The fearful heart new energies receive,
And doubt no more, but faithfully believe;
Those eyes that once were sealed in gloomy night
Shall gladly open on the cheering light;
The deaf shall hear, the dumb with joy shall sing,
"The halt and maimed away their crutches
fling."

All shall rejoice in this auspicious time,
As Christ shall rule the world from clime to
clime.

Then all submission to His sway shall yield,
And see in Him their guide and only shield,
Their ground of hope, salvation's corner-stone,
And on no other build than Him alone;
Flock to his banner, it with joy surround,
There pour their hymns of gratitude profound,
Whose incense sweet shall everywhere arise
Beneath the spacious concave of the skies.

ON MESMERISM.

"**I** WANT a hero, an uncommon want!"

So sung the noble Author of *Don Juan*;
 But I a subject, and with little cant,
 I think I'll have a laughable and true one.
 Among the many of a daily grant,
 I'll pick out Mesmerism as a new one;
 But, gentle reader, let me lay before ye
 What follows here, to introduce my story.

Some style the present as the favoured age—

 The age of science, literature, and art;
 This I confess, and frankly must engage
 From conscience in this truth to take a part;
 And inch by inch a contest will I wage
 'Gainst every vile opposing head and heart,
 Who dares outrage the feeling of this nation,
 By blasting her great name and reputation.

For she is high in virtue, worth, esteem;

 Her valour, honour, far transcend all praise;
 Earth's moral sun, whose bright and steady
 beam

Diffuses glorious light a thousand ways:
 The home of art and science some her deem;
 To prove they're right—but mark the vast dis-
 plays

Of every branch of wisdom and of knowledge—
All speak and reason as if just from College.

But what has been discovered of late time,
By our philosophers of every station,
To mention would but oddly suit my rhyme,
And tease the reader like a new taxation;
I hate details, no matter how sublime,
As truth's oft mystified by explanation;
All surely know the length steam has advanced,
Since Watt's tea-kettle lid in Glasgow danced.

Whence sprung those engines which our boats
propel,
'Gainst wind and weather, o'er the surgy wave;
And railway coaches, which have sent to hell,
Or at the least to a precocious grave,
Their mangled thousands, horrible to tell,
Without a moment mercy then to crave;
And power-looms, saw-mills, all kinds of ma-
chines:
But then they've damned our country by those
means.

Thus have discovery and invention reign'd,
And triumphed in the island of the free—
Who would have thought the kettle had contained
Such complex wonders as we daily see ?
Strange the perfection which has been attained,
And what great novelties may further be:

Say ere a few short years—who knows how soon ?
That we may have a trip up to the moon;

And with the Lunites correspondence hold,
And learn the manners and the customs there—
Their modes of life, pursuits both new and old—
And note them in a journal with much care;
Their government and politics unfold,
On which, if Peel would bring his wits to
bear,
His statesman eye might see some better plan,
To rule, than shuffling, gulling all he can.

But politics I never could endure,
So shall I leave them, seeing I've digressed;
Then to our subject, for I'm almost sure
Our Lunar visit soon will be no jest—
Great Henson's genius seems it to ensure,
And little doubt he knows about it best,
Who is constructing, or at least is trying,
To frame a vehicle on the plan of flying:

From having one day seen from off a rock
A golden eagle rise and then descend;
Which struck his brain, and gave his wits a poke,
And caused his flaming genius to ascend:
Around whose glare astonished thousands flock—
To gaze and wonder, if not comprehend,
This prodigy quite new, unprecedented,
Which hints some almost thinks he's half demented.

But why insult his occult mystic brain,
Where stores of glorious knowledge lie concealed ?
His purposes sublime why thus arraign,
Who knows the benefits they yet may yield ?
Oh ! the cold treatment worth and merit gain,
Enough to frighten Genius from the field !
Ye dull, what more this thing to fly and caper
Than any vile balloon of silk or paper ?

When the immortal Newton lived and wrote,
That ornament and honour of mankind,
From that dark age his theories how remote !
The truth of his deep reas'nings few could
find;
What wondrous facts to light his genius brought
Which ne'er before flashed o'er the human
mind:
Who ever dreamt the falling of an apple
Would caused him with such mighty laws to
grapple;

As those which matter ev'rywhere control—
In heav'n above as well as earth and sea;
Which guide each atom, and unite the whole
In all the compact masses that there be;
Which keep the heav'ly bodies, as they roll,
From contact and confusion ever free—
So that the whole in harmony moves on,
Through fields of vast immensity unknown ?

All this was wonderful, extremely clever,
And gained for Newton never-dying fame,
Embalmed his memory to all for ever,
And with an iris crow'd his noble name:
But were he to return, I wonder whether
He could identify this world the same;
At least I'm sure that many would dispute it,
Or own that they were puzzled much-about it.

Beyond all doubt, were Socrates to rise,
That sage philosopher of ancient days,
And great Archimedes, and Plato wise,
And thence to Albion find their sev'ral ways;
How would they gaze, all speechless with surprise,
Upon the wonders intellect displays,
Yea, weep like Carfrae, who conducted Park
When he again for England did embark !

But all is shaded that has yet been shown,
Eclipsed beyond what any could conceive,
For passing wise have many lately grown,
And some for gospel all they say receive;
Their talent dazzles, I must freely own,
Though their pretensions fools may disbelieve—
The Mesmerites I mean, and now will show 'em
In their true colours in this epic poem.

Well, to our tale, true as my pipe is cocket:
But there's no hurry: reader, me excuse,

And stay until the "dottle" is but smoket.

You know that smoking stimulates the Muse—
Byron says tea; no doubt his Lordship joked;

And Burns the British, *alias* mountain, dews:
But were I umpire in this serious matter,
Of all the three, with Burns, I'd choose the latter.

Now for it—that is, Mesmerism, I mean—

Which was discovered, you must understand,
At first in Germany, and hence has been

Imported and diffused throughout our land
By many an able mouthpiece, as is seen

From bills and placards, which our eyes
command

In every town and village, small and great,
By Galt and others now esteemed first-rate.

This science, as some call it, now must claim

Our serious, candid study and attention;
No blushing feeling of half-smothered shame

Can here exist, to mar my good intention.
O surely if it such great heads became

As those above, whom I am proud to mention,
It well deserves such care, upon the whole,
Though sceptics style it flimsy rigmarole.

They say its states or stages number seven,

With strange conditions which must be obeyed,
So difficult that scarcely under heaven

One can be found who has the trial made;

Such wondrous patience but to few is given,
And such attention as must then be paid,
How would you like to gaze and stare, reply,
For hours together at Galt's beaming eye ?

Whose flash is fit to paralyze the brain,
Especially if there's a little crack.
Some think who does it is but barely sane,
Nay, threepence of the shilling must he lack;
But then the orator demonstrates plain,
The human eye's the strongest to attract;
And with Demosthenes who would dare contend,
Whose flippant powers all eulogy transcend ?

Or would you choose this penance to forego,
This innocent-like staring at the eye,
A wooden magnet, for they call it so,
Around your cranium he'll politely tie;
Then bid you gaze, and on you fan and blow,
Which makes the electric fluid from him fly
Into your frame, some say, with logic deep:
Thus he continues till you fall asleep.

When snoozing fast the oddest scenes commence—
Scenes entertaining, laughable, and droll,
Enough from any Methodist to wrench
The gravest feelings that pervade the soul;
Or that calm self-possession, grace, and sense,
Which on the bench the sober Judge control;

Ay, Chalmers' decorum would be lost,
That skilful leader of Free Zion's host.

No wonder at it; for who could withhold
To see the great Phrenologist, indeed,
This Knight of Bumps, if all be true that's told,
Again in earnest to his game proceed,
And fumble o'er, both confident and bold,
Each silly bumpkin's brainless, vacant head,
Like any miss her new pianoforte ?
And now to stand aloof he will exhort ye.

Lest that the patient be cross mesmerised,
Your breath will do it, and destroy the charm;
This technical slang, O whence derived !
Excuse the slip, I surely mean no harm.
Tis perilous, and all should be advised,
Lest they may feel the drowsy patient's arm;
For when Combativeness is touched but slight,
He capers, squares, and deals it left and right.

But when Destructiveness he gently presses,
The mimic scene is in a moment changed—
The mania for violent excesses,
Can hardly well in any be restrained,
And chairs, stools, trays, and crockery, and
glasses
He kicks and smashes as he were deranged:
But when he works those bumps, he'll oft employ
One easily managed—meaning but a boy.

Another one I fain would here describe,
But hate its cramped, uncouth pronunciation;
Still here I cannot lay it well aside,
Though rather lengthy for a measured station.
It is the ace of all the sensual tribe,
And vulgar means the love of generation,
Hence for a lucid, honest, chaste description
I spurn the poet who would deal in fiction.

It is a strong predominating passion,
And saint and sinner both have this confessed:
Since Adam's day all know it was in fashion,
Though he ne'er kissed until he had transgressed
But this is ground I dare not venture rash on,
Nor with that loving couple will I jest,
For Heaven in this, I vouch, they then obeyed:
But O the game they with the apple played !

This passion, like the rest high Heaven bequeathed,
Who meant it to subserve those ends, you
know;
From Him controlling reason we received—
That lamp of Deity in man below—
Which some have lately lost, or I'm deceived,
Who in yon village made a motley show,
And flourished—when this organ was affected—
But, hush ! let modesty be still respected.

I mean not to offend, forbid it, Heaven
Excuse this anecdote: I've heard it said

That, while asleep, some "ill-brewed drink" was given

To her the public styles the Godly Maid:
Her state had surely been in number seven—

The most convenient, doubtless, for such trade—
'Twould better suit, I think, such operations
As setting broken bones or amputations.

Though these details are anything but full,
Still Modesty avers they're quite enough,
And who would dwell on points so rude and dull?
I hate such low, obscene, insipid stuff;
We'll try another region of the skull,
And with our bumping raise a pretty puff,
There show the noble converse of the picture,
And note these qualities a little stricter.

In some but touch Benevolence, and see
The lavish hand the willing heart obey
In mirrored offices of Deity,
Prompt, full, and free, in every form and way,
To any one—no matter who he be—
Does he his liberality display,
Enough to shame the saints, I will engage—
I mean those mock professors of the age,

Who vaunt about religion and devotion,
And carp and cavil at each other's creed,
Just like the Pharisee in every notion,
Who thanked the Lord that he was pure indeed,

Vile, self-deceived, and dead to all emotion
Of common pity when the wretched plead:
Go, whitened sepulchres ! I almost preach !
Let actions prove your virtue, I beseech.

'Tis also wonderful, and highly pleasing,
To see the bump provoking conversation,
Which, having suffered but a gentle squeezing,
Assumes the climax of its operation.
'Twas lately, and with very little teasing,
A village statesman spun a fine oration:
Denounced our rulers; cursed them as deceivers.
Yea, worse than any Pagan unbelievers.

A Chartist to the core—how he declaimed !
Some say in flimsy, wild, and vulgar railing;
Enough to make the devil grow ashamed,
E'en of his own, when other views assailing.
Both Whig and Tory long and loud he blamed,
And stood in tears his country's wrongs bewailing,
Oppressed and plundered, damned beyond all
nations,
By vile horse-leeches—sinecures—taxations.

But for the malady prescribed a cure,
And would to Heaven it really were applied:
"Let all have votes; the ballot, too, secure;
And let the yearly Parliaments be tried,
With members paid, success more to insure;
And pensions lessen—taxes," he replied;

" Down with all sinecures oppressors made—
Remove restrictions—let us have free trade."

You see how well this bump has operated—
I wonder how he made so fine a close.
A man whose talents never yet were rated
Above a blockhead's, everybody knows;
No doubt the bumping had his powers elated,
When such high patriotic feelings rose.
Hail, Mesmerism ! nothing thee surpasses,
Which wreathes with laurels e'en the heads of
asses.

But for a change—I hope it is no crime—
We'll touch on Veneration by the way,
And gently scan it at the present time,
See how it tickles one and all to pray,
How fluently they mount the true sublime;
While those around a wondering tribute pay,
When thus they see such mystic reformation
Wrought on all classes, every rank and station.

One instance shall I cite, but pass the name,
As personalities are rather glaring.
All know my hero has an honest fame;
Tho' charged with scoffing, and the crime of
swearing,
Good neighbourhood with truth can scarcely
claim—
Heaven knows if this would not be rather daring.

But Veneration being put in motion,
Then followed strains of rapturous devotion

Enough to melt the adamantine heart
That would repel the shocks of triple steel,
And to it glowing sympathy impart;
And make it for the woes of others feel,
Besiege its citadel with conscience' dart,
And to itself its turpitude reveal.
Woe to the man still callous to conversion !
Such stiff-necked Pagans are my real aversion.

Another feature of this noble science,
Unparalleled and far outrunning praise,
Is Time and Tune, which bid to all defiance,
And well might any drooping spirit raise;
But press him gently, and a prompt compliance
The patient yields in soul-transporting lays,
In melody reminding one of heaven:
I really wonder how such powers were given.

We'll add another to this chosen sample,
I mean the bump the wise call Self-Esteem;
All must acknowledge that its powers are ample,
And of its exhibitions few could dream.
Though sceptics sneer, and wits may on it trample,
And sunshine truths as gross delusion deem;
Yet truth's omnipotent, and demonstration
Steps kindly in, to prove my asseveration.

Therefore, believe me, or believe me not,
Just as you will—I little for it care;
But this I know, that lately many sought
To see the proofs, who living witness bear,
And testify a rustic first was brought,
With sluggish step, and many a vacant stare,
High in this bump, though all as false esteeming,
The grand mesmeric facts deception deeming.

But being gently operated on,
He held the ploughs and harrows in derision;
No more from toil and labour now to groan,
But from the slave had made a blessed transi-
tion;
Disdained the vulgar, plain, blunt name of John,
And smiling, strutted in perspective vision
Of honours which would soon his talents crown,
Whose lustre tended but to show the clown.

The next that figured spends his time in mending,
Whose only care is all about the sole,
And to conditions kindly condescending,
He cut some pretty capers on the whole;
Conscious of powers increasing and extending,
Of energies which nothing could control—
Felt qualified for any occupation
Requiring reason and discrimination.

No matter what—a prodigy self-styled,
And many quirks and quibbles could explain;

In art and science never was beguiled
His cogent, powerful, penetrating brain;
Both Church and State he taunted and reviled,
And fixed upon them many a filthy stain.
O Self-Esteem! what principle is nobler?
To raise this fool so much above the cobbler !

But courteous reader, pardon, should I blunder,
By introducing just another more:
I mean the bump now recognised as Wonder,
As all declare it fully worth a score;
Whose magic power, when any patient's under,
He sees, in fact, what he ne'er saw before—
Events, scenes, objects, past all parallel.
Strange that this bump should operate so well.

I hate a laboured, drawling, dull description,
And, by my Muse, detest the least confusion;
Irregularity in truth or fiction,
Is the cursed *ignis fatuus* to conclusion;
We'll lay Pegasus under due restriction,
And show a little of this damned delusion;
Excuse this crude indelicate expression,
I mean no ill, the patient's real impression.

And let him have it, yes, I him defend,
As well dispute what's seen in dreams or trances,
Which all believe, though fools may here contend;
Then don't exempt your Poet from these fancies.

Let this be as it may, disputes to end.

One saw, of late, plays, operas, and dances,
Where nobles, heroes, gallants, lovers floated,
And twenty stones of royal lumber noted.

His wooden looks, in vain from furies flying,

With garments reeking in the blood of nations;
The cotton-spinner's son, for mercy crying

To plundered millions, by unjust taxations,
The sliding-scale was seen in ruins lying,

And failed at last all reconciliations.

This having fled, at last in triumph shone
Great Dan the First upon the Irish throne.

Next in prophetic vision was displayed

A mighty and gigantic spreading tree,
Whose golden apples annually betrayed

The fertile soil that round about it be.

The care immense its pious keepers paid,

It having cost two millions to the free,
Who walked beneath its shady branches bent,
Chanting the notes of Freedom as they went.

Whom Truth makes free are Freedom's sons indeed:

Heaven prosper all who are from conscience so!
As conscience stamps the value on our creed,

The oracle of God to man below,

Let all maintain its rights, and for them plead,

In spite of all the adverse winds that blow—

Of bribes, and threats, and mean intimidations,
These low, degrading games of higher stations.

This, I allow, is rather a digression;
Excuse it, as I sometimes moralize.

Then to return: no verse can give expression
To half that met his wonder-stricken eyes;
But if it could, 'twould be a foul transgression
Of all that's delicate, discreet, and wise;
For, oh ! the public feeling I revere!
Who knows but this may some day yet appear ?

Thus has a faint but faithful sketch been shown
Of these few organs which have been selected;
No doubt we might a great deal farther gone,
And more peculiarities detected,
But for the present will we let alone,
Suffice that all's been close enough inspected:
I fear some fools may think this exposition
Was meant to prove it just an imposition.

But let them think and judge it as they choose,
A fig for any way they may decide;
Where the philosopher who dares refuse
These scientific claims so closely tried ?
Away, ye carping sceptics, callous Jews;
Can ever demonstration be denied ?
Were this a hoax, as blockheads may suppose it,
Yon ruling Elder surely would expose it.

We'll throw a better light still on the science,
And try to shut their mouths with fresh details.
I think the mystic state they call Clairvoyance
May crush all doubt, if any doubt prevails,
And keep the cav'ling critic at defiance
With all that sophistry which truth assails;
However subtle, factious, or dogmatical,
We'll show them proofs as good as mathematical.

The state to which allusion has been made,
Confers the faculty called second-sighted;
A sort of omnipresence, it is said,
Possesses minds, no matter how benighted,
By which the patient often has repaid
The doubting, curious, and all much-delighted,
By scenes, events, and actions all detailing,
Which, far or near, were at the time prevailing.

One instance out of many late transpired
In London, of a warehouse waggish boy,
Which proved to all, as if he were inspired,
Describing scenes, events, and many a ploy
To those who saw him; when they had desired,
He gave details, which all seemed to enjoy,
Of things on which before he never gazed,
With such intelligence as all amazed.

That ancient, sacred, venerable dome,
Where blasted worth and merit lie inurned;

Where heroes, patriots, side by side consume
With conquerors, from bloody fields returned;
Where senators and sages find a tomb
'Mong poets, who their midnight lamp have
burned:
He saw, described, and read each flattering stone,
And many a marble statue dwelt upon.

Then from Westminster Abbey took a range
Throughout a number of the public places—
Saw what was doing in the Royal Exchange,
Then to the British Museum next he paces:
There noted many objects passing strange,
And sketched the heathen gods' romantic faces;
Reviewed the House of Commons, Tower, and
shows,
And fifty other things we may suppose.

'Tis needless thus on one so much descanting,
When numbers equally attention claim;
Whose names, without that vulgar sin of vaunting,
Are rich emblazoned on the page of Fame:
At home, ay, at our doors, they are not wanting,
Who from experience can attest the same:
And who on earth can contradict this teacher,
Although at times one may dispute a preacher ?

'Twas recently one being in this state
Saw every act a neighbour then was doing:

His motions, movements, all he did narrate,
With purposes and ends he was pursuing;
Though separate between by distance great,
Yet never intercepted was his viewing:
Some say his glance, upon such strange occasions,
Pervades even Nature's secret operations.

Hence to a certainty he can discover
The origin and cause of all diseases,
How latent, simple, virulent soever,
And all their operations, when he pleases;
A lecture to the patient he'll deliver,
How any one the various organs seizes;
That subtle miner, obstinate consumption,
He clearly sees, which fools may think presumption.

Another, under this mysterious spell
Asleep, unconscious too of all around,
From any watch the very hour will tell,
And to all colours will a name be found.
When he the various things has fumbled well,
This shall be true, and for it I'll be bound:
While from the voice he'll any stranger name,
Or shaking hands, I've heard he'll do the same.

With fifty other nameless feats, they say,
Which cannot possibly obtain insertion,

As Rhyme's capricious whims we must obey,
And work by wiles, but never by coercion:
Besides, it would be tedious; but I pray
Make not these truths your topics for diversion;
As children milk, implicitly receive them—
None, save a simpleton, would disbelieve them.

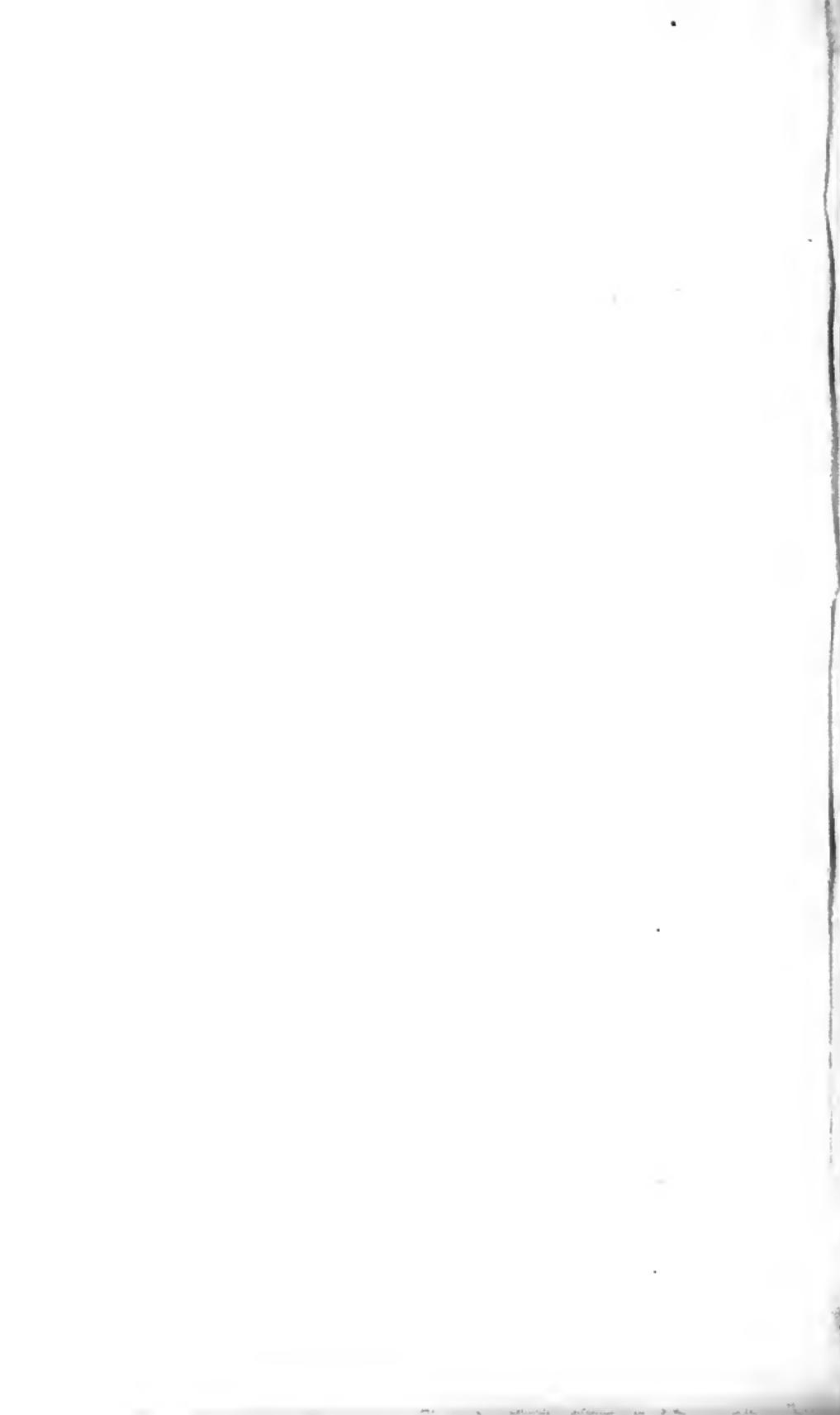
You've had the various facts all clearly stated—
This puzzling problem honestly dissected,
Its leading features logically narrated,
Its different items narrowly inspected;
But should your brain with doubts be still inflated,
By reason may your views be soon corrected:
Let reason, candour, coolness, be your guide,
I'll pawn my honour, for it you'll decide.

Hence, reader, I am tired, and so are you;
No doubt you think we both have had enough—
It is agreed then, to our thread adieu,
Home-spun and long, you see, and rather rough.
Perhaps you judge its merits are but few,
Then with your sweeping censure call it stuff:
But oh ! beware of such foul profanation,
Which might provoke your Poet's imprecation !

But judge and censure, damn it, if you please,
With criticizing eloquence like thunder;

Ay, on each slip like famished vulture seize,
And trumpet loud its every trivial blunder.
I'm independent, perfectly at ease,
No public obligation being under;
Then, Mesmerism, from me go thy ways—
Receive thy verdict, be it blame or praise.

S O N G S.





THE FAVOURITE'S RETURN.

Air—“*Auld Johnny's content, and he's aye content like.*”

CHORUS.

HOO happy was I wi' my mither again,
Wi' my canty and canny auld mither again—
Wha shook my cauld hands as she ca'd me her ain,
Wi' the tear in her e'e as I met her again.

Embalmed in my bosom, to me ever dear
Be the night that I met her I fondly revere;
In her auld happy hame, hoo proud and hoo fain
I felt, and I glowed to embrace her again !

She led me in joy to the auld arm chair,
Whare smiled a glad faither, wha noo is nae mair,
Syne sat down aside her bit callant her lane,
And thanket the God wha restored him again.

Hoo fondly she speered hoo life wi' me passed,
And I tell't her it a' frae the first to the last,
Wi' mingled emotions o' pleasure and pain,
And a smile or a sigh was her answer again.

The joys and the sorrows that fell to her lot,
Since the morning sae waefu' I left our bit cot,
She breathed in her turn in her ain hamely strain:
O hoo the heart thrilled as I heard her again !

Wi' her saft, gentle hand—I mind it yet fine—
Hoo she sleeked down my hair as she spak o'
langsyne:

Her words were as vernal as show'rs to the plain,
As the scenes of my boyhood renewed she again:

We quaffed aff a bumper—O haud by the wa'—
To the health o' ilk ither, and friends ane and a';
In pappet auld neebors, syne, round the hearthstane,
Was pledged frae the heart the drap "jorum" again.

Aye ready to hear, and her counsel to lend;
When my back's at the wa', O she's aye my best
friend—

She's a joy for ilk cross, and the sting has she ta'en
Aft frae the bit canker, and healed it again.

The worth o' a mither's but kent by her loss—
She's the gowd o' our being, the rest is but dross;
And what e'er befa's us on life's squally main,
Then we steer for the haven, her bosom, again.

TELL ME, DEAR ANNIE, ARE YE
GAUN AWA?

Tune—"Come under my Plaidie."

(1) TELL me, dear Annie, are ye gaun awa ?
My ain winsome Annie, will ye gang awa ?
Yea, my treasure, my pleasure, the sweetest ava,
O never ance hint it that ye'll gang awa !

Your look love expresses; your lang jetty tresses
That circle the shoulders that vie wi' the snaw;
Your breath's like the lily aye to your ain Willie,
Your bonny black een hae bewitched him and a'.
O tell, &c.

The lark the sky climin' his little loves hymin';
The mavis that sings on ilk tree and green shaw—
They'll only but grieve me if ye gang and leave me:
My heart ye will break it gin ye gang awa.
O tell, &c.

Yon wee skippin' lammies that frisk round their
mammies,
They aft to my bosom our daffin' reca',

To deepen my sorrow; O dool to the morrow
 If a' e'er I liket should wander awa.

O tell, &c.

Nae mair in yon bowers, whare bloom the wee
 flowers,

For Annie I'll pluck them, and busk her fu' braw,
 Nor there in the e'enin my love will I lean on:
 Yell rue it for ever when ance ye're awa.

O tell, &c.

O come to my bosom, my ain lovely blossom,
 A true lover's hand ye shall hae it and a';
 And whate'er Fortune showers, it a' shall be yours,
 If frae your ain laddie you'll ne'er gang awa.

O tell, &c.

—•—

HEY FOR A WIFE WI' A HUNNER OR TWA.

Air—“*The Laird o' Cockpen.*”

CHORUS.

SING hey for a wife wi' a hunner or twa,
 A canty bit wife wi' a hunner or twa;
 Contentet and blithe, and hoo crouse waud I craw,
 Gin I had a wife wi' a hunner or twa?

I've aft had a blink o' Dame Fortune's bricht e'e,
 But passed her aye by as she cared nae for me;
 What's wealth but a syren that sings to beguile,
 And honour a bauble that glitters awhile;
 For them and for grandeur I little but care—
 Eneugh be my lot, wi' a morsel to spare:
 The sma'er the height, O the less is the fa',
 Sae a' my ambition's a hunner or twa.

I care nae for beauty, gin she be but guid,
 I rate nae her worth by connection or bluid;
 As the fairest o' flowers hae aft the least smell,
 And the finest o' grapes by the tastin' we tell:
 But if she is lovin', and modest, and true,
 Can wash a bit sark, and can airn and sew,
 And guide the bit penny wi' care aboon a',
 She's naething the warse wi' a hunner or twa.

Twad keep us fu' cosy, wi' that o' my ain,
 Whan drifts the cauld snaw o'er the moor and the
 plain,
 Be to our wee blossoms a bield frae the blast,
 That's withered the brightest and best as it passed.
 O mony the pleasures that wait its command,
 And hoo finely and freely it turns the hand !
 "Your wit and your wisdom are naething ava',
 Without," cries the warld, "a hunner or twa."

THE TRYSTE.

Air—“*Kelvin Grove.*”

‘T IS lovely now in May, bonnie lassie O,
 And blithe the lammies play, bonnie lassie O;
 The smilin’ flow’rets spring,
 Wee birdies mellow sing,
 Till a’ the plantins ring, bonnie lassie O.

When Phœbus steeks his e’e, bonnie lassie O,
 Aneath the trystin’ tree, bonnie lassie O,
 Adoon in yonder glen
 We’ll meet, but nane shall ken,
 For we’ll steal awa our lane, bonnie lassie O.

What pleasures will we share, bonnie lassie O !
 We’ll feed on angels’ fare, bonnie lassie O,
 And quaff the streams that flow
 Whare a’ divinely glow,
 And ilka care forego, bonnie lassie O.

O how the bosom warms, bonnie lassie O,
 When I think upon thy charms, bonnie lassie O !
 The lily bathed in dew,
 Or the rose’s blushin’ hue,
 Nae fairer is than you, bonnie lassie O.

And oh that breath o' thine, bonnie lassie O,
Outvies the jessamine, bonnie lassie O;

When I hear thy voice sae sweet,
Whare heavenly echoes meet,
Wi' joy I'm like to greet, bonnie lassie O.

O gin ye were my ain, bonnie lassie O,
Twad save me muckle pain, bonnie lassie O;
But soon, my love, I'll stand
And tak ye by the hand,
At Hymen's saft command, bonnie lassie O.

Syne a' my guidis and gear, bonnie lassie O,
Ye'se hae, my. only dear, bonnie lassie O;
And then we'll blessed be
In a' that love can gi'e,
For I'll ever worship thee, bonnie lassie O.

But oh, the hours beguile, bonnie lassie O,
Sa fare ye well awhile, bonnie lassie O:
Your mither on the green
Is seekin' for her Jean;
But tell na whare ye've been, bonnie lassie O.

THE AULD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

Air—“*The Flowers o' the Forest.*”

 AWA, ye gay warld ! a' lanely and eerie
 I cower ower the ingle baith dowie and wae:
 Hoo heartless the hame whare a' ance was cheery—
 O welcome release, hoo I lang for the day !

I'm auld noo, and donnert, and naething's a pleasure:
 I hirple about, but in sorrow and pain;
 I sick and I sab, and the weary hours measure—
 Unnoticed I pine, and unpitied complain.

Frae a' that I liket noo severed for ever;
 O hard is the fate that compels me to mourn!
 The flowers may revive, but never, O never,
 To me shall the spring of the bosom return.

As the ivy yestreen frae yon auld tree was riven,
 I thocht o' the hour, wi' the tear in my e'e,
 When torn frae my heart was my Nancy by Heaven,
 And helpless she left our bit lammies and me.

But sin' her last blessing to us she imparted,
 As fondly her cauld, dewy hand then I pressed,
 What changes, alas ! and hoo often has smarted,
 And keenly, this weary and careworn breast !

As lovely young birdies are scattered in Summer,
Sae our bonny bairnies are noo ane and a';
And aften returned has the leaf to the timmer
Sin' Jamie, the flower o' the flock, gaed awa.

Sae well as he liket aye me and his mither—
But O the tongue flutters, my heart it is sair—
Sad tidings this e'enin'; wi' Willie, his brither,
He slumbers afar, and I'll ne'er see him mair.

Noo peace to our dead, and lang health to the leevin',
And ne'er may their lot be sae chequered as mine;
But sune their auld faither, his sorrow and grievin',
For rest and repose in the grave maun resign.

Then awa, ye gay warld! a' lanely and eerie
I cower ower the ingle baith dowie and wae:
Hoo heartless the hame where a' ance was cheery—
O welcome release, hoo I lang for the day!

FAREWELL TO POLTON.

Tune—“*Lochnagar.*”

A DIEU ! lovely Polton, by Esk’s winding river !
Adieu ! now I bid thee with sorrow and care;
How cruel the fate that compels us to sever,
And rude the assaults that the bosom must bear !

Oh sacred to me are thy groves and sweet bowers,
Resounding with gladness and Love’s mellow
strain;
Thy green sloping heights and thy gardens of flowers,
Though never, alas ! shall I tread them again.

How aft through thy green woods, unseen, at the
gloaming,
And down the lone glen we fondly have strayed—
My loved one and I—and when wearied with roaming
We sought for a shrine in the spreading beech
shade.

There hallowed the moments that over us glided,
In heart-thrilling raptures the hours fled away;
Earth smiled, a fair Eden our fancies had lighted,
All pleasure, all promise, unmarred by decay.

Yon ivy green cottage, can e'er I forget it,
Sweet home of the heart, and to me ever dear ?
That morning I left it, I'll ever regret it,
And name it through life with a sigh or a tear.

No more there I meet with the friendly embraces,
And hail the soft voice that was magic to me;
Nor there round the hearth, 'mong the few happy
faces,
I join in the laugh and the songs of the free.

But mute is my lyre, and the spell it is broken,
The glow of the heart and its verdure are gone;
Clouds o'er the wild gather, that sadly betoken
The future enveloped in tempest alone.

Then, adieu ! lovely Polton, by Esk's winding river !
Adieu ! now I bid thee with sorrow and care;
How cruel the fate that compels us to sever,
And rude the assaults that the bosom must bear !

WE'LL NE'ER HAE PEACE TILL THE
SILLER'S SENT HAME.

Tune—“ *We'll ne'er hae peace till Jamie comes hame.*”

BY bonny Tweedside, yestreen as I strayed,
Aneth a grey rock an auld man I surveyed;
And thus aye he sang, as the tears drappin' came:—
O we'll ne'er hae peace till the siller's sent hame.

O Willie, O Willie, and a' your black train,
Had you been sae wise as guid counsel to ta'en,
Ye had turned frae the States, and recoiled at your
aim—

For we'll ne'er hae peace till the siller's sent hame.

In the licht o' your conscience, if ony ye hae,
Was yours sic a card as true honour could play?
Ye may preach and pretend, but you're muckle to
blame—

For we'll ne'er hae peace till the siller's sent hame.

Did ever O'Connell sae basely behave?
Ah ! no: he disdained the foul price o' the slave.
Then ca' him nae mair, nor put knave to his name—
As we'll ne'er hae peace till the siller's sent hame.

And O hoo you cam by't—your motive and end,
Fient ane but the devil, I'm sure, can defend:
Our Kirk you've polluted, and brought her to shame—
And we'll ne'er hae peace till the siller's sent hame.

Auld Scotia you've leed on; and loud the alarms—
We're a' by the lugs, and will soon be in arms:
Wright kennelt the ingle, and still blaws the flame—
Sae we'll ne'er hae peace till the siller's sent hame.

And hear noble Duncan and Grey for a wee—
The honour, the glory, and croon o' the Free;
Hoo loudly your guilt and your greed they declaim—
Sae we'll ne'er hae peace till the siller's sent hame.

But think what you've dune, and, O Willie, relent,
Like Judas, your billy, yea, even repent,
And bundle it back wi' your curse on the same—
For we'll ne'er hae peace till the siller's sent hame.

By a' that is guid, O I rede you beware !
The skaith that our Kirk by your keepin't may share.
A spleet—O forbid it, eneugh o' that game;
Sae we'll ne'er hae peace till the siller's sent hame.

THE LOVE-SICK MAID.

Air—" *The Campbells are comin'.*"

CHORUS.

 SAW ye my laddie as crossed ye the lea ?
 O saw ye my laddie as crossed ye the lea ?
 Now joke nae mair, Jamie, for pain ye but gie;
 And tell me, oh tell, where he's wandered frae me.

His troosers are black, and his jacket is blue,
 His bonnet the same, and his plaidie is new;
 He's tall and he's strappin', sae bloomin' and fair,
 That nane o' the parish can wi' him compare.

Then saw ye, &c.

His dark hazel e'e and his love-winnin' smile
 Betoken a bosom unsullied by guile;
 He's meek and he's modest, devoted and a',
 And naething's awantin' worth haein' ava.

Then saw ye, &c.

O bliss o' my bliss, and my pride and desire,
 How callous the breast that he canna inspire !
 The lassies a' like him, and mony caress
 And wheedle around him, their love to express.

Then saw ye, &c.

But in his young fancy his Helen's the wale,
O'er a' their slee airts she can easy prevail:
He kisses and claps me, and ca's me his dear,
And wordless affection he seals wi' a tear.

Then saw ye, &c.

The mair I think o' him the mair am I taen,
And Nature's sweet impulse I canna restrain:
Like magic it sets a' my heart in a flame,
If neebors aroun' only mint but his name.

Then saw ye, &c.

O lang hae I lo'ed him, and evermair will;
There's a neuk i' this bosom nae ither can fill:
Through weal and through wae to my laddie I'll
 cling,
Till death to a close our devotion shall bring.

Then saw ye, &c.

But wheisht, O my heart—faith he's comin' at last:
That's surely his whistle—oh yes, has he passed
Yon green holly bush? and now, Jamie, fareweel;
Yet the scene i' the thicket, O never reveal.

BLUE-EYED MARY.

Air—“*Blue-Eyed Mary.*”

THROUGH yon green-wood let me ramble,
‘Mang Nature’s minstrels singing,
And climb Tweed’s bonnie banks and braes,
Where the wee wild flowers are springing.
How cauld and strange the warld to me !
Alane, O let me tarry,
To sigh unseen, and weep, alas !
My absent blue-eyed Mary !

Thrice sacred scenes, to memory dear,
The slumbering past recalling,
When summer o’er the bosom smiled,
Nae blight its verdure palling.
That mystic manna o’ the soul,
Amang yon bowers sae fairy,
How often hae I gathered wi’
My absent blue-eyed Mary !

Oft by yon wimplin’ burnie, oft
Unconscious whither roaming,
In thrilling nameless rapture fled
The hallowed hours till gloaming.

There in each consecrated shade,
In love that ne'er could vary,
Oft wi' its liquid pledge I blessed
My absent blue-eyed Mary.

O joys unmingle, transports dear,
Her angel charms, oh never
Can I forget, when in the glen
We met to part for ever.

Ah, little dreamt this withered heart,
That fate would blast sae early
Its life, its hope, its all, O heaven,
My absent blue-eyed Mary !

But vain, alas ! I linger here,
In vain the tear distilling;
In vain the groan for perished worth,
A lover's woe revealing.
Peace to thy memory ! adieu
To a' I lo'ed sae dearly:
Thy sainted room who e'er shall fill,
My absent blue-eyed Mary ?

THE HIRSEL YET FOR ME.

A WAY! ye orient groves, away!
A Where fragrant citrons bloom;
 The orange, lime, and myrtle gay,
 Exhale their sweet perfume;
 Nor name those balmy spicy dells,
 Though florulent they be,
 Their fairy charms let others sing,
 The Hirsel yet for me!
 Elysian spot, while lasts a string,
 My lyre I'll tune to thee.

How sweet to roam thy sunny glades,
 Where wild the flow'rets blow!
 Who for thy soft ambrosial shades,
 The world would not forego ?
 Where native minstrels melting pour
 Their lays from every tree,
 And every heart forgets its care:
 The Hirsel yet for me!
 Elysian spot, while lasts a string,
 My lyre I'll tune to thee.

Unrivalled Flora's loved retreat,
 Thy smiling garden, hail;
 An Eden here renewed to meet,
 What fancy now can fail,

As angels' breath thy zephyrs sweet;
 And oh, the ecstasy,
 When greets the eye thy blushing walls—
 The Hirsel yet for me !
 Elysian spot, while lasts a string,
 My lyre I'll tune to thee.

Dear to my soul, thrice lovely bower,
 Those nameless sweets of thine;
 And oh their heaven-inspiring power,
 How thrilling, how divine !
 Here let me linger to enjoy,
 Alone, their luxury;
 I ask no higher earthly boon—
 The Hirsel yet for me !
 Elysian spot, while lasts a string,
 My lyre I'll tune to thee.

And hail, yon venerable pile,
 Thy hospitable dome;
 May peace and plenty ever smile,
 To bless the home of Home !
 And now adieu, thy magic scenes;
 My fondest memory
 Shall ever homage with the lay—
 The Hirsel yet for me !
 Elysian spot, while lasts a string,
 My lyre I'll tune to thee.

THE BARROW.

Air—"You've a' heard tell o' Rob Rorison's Bannet."

CHORUS.

AND wha in the dub hasna heard o' the barrow ?
Lang hae our lugs rung wi' the sang o' the
barrow ?

I now wad a croun that she ne'er had a marrow,
And challenge braid Scotland to match wi' the
barrow.

Her frame was o' aik, and the "ready" to hain,
For the rest then an auld sugar barrel was ta'en;
Her braw nicket wheel an auld mangle ance graced—
As it saved muckle fash, so it suited his taste.

Nae plane upon earth durst her venture to brave,
Whase service a willing kail gully did save;
Wi' mountains o' potty—though strange, it is true—
Syne diced was she aff in a coat o' sky blue.

Still critics—confound them, their faults they maun
hae;
How they quiz, how they quarrel, e'en do as we may—
Like flees, to ilk sair o' the barrow they clang;
Deil hae't that was dune but they swore it was wrang.

There hogin' and laughin' wi' muckle pretence,
To catch and to cavil sat auld neebor Spence,
And auld cooper Jamie, sae witty and douce,
Wi' tailors and pedlars sae cracky and croose.

Her talented artist to name it might vex,
Ye'll pick him up by the red pirnie and specks.
Our fun at her making I mind it yet fine;
'Twas only last summer—I've aye laughed since syne.

Sae in his auld garret as sacred she lies,
A type o' perfection, a feast to the eyes;
Wi' mony a wonder and model o' skill,
Defying baith pencil and pen to reveal.

THE LILY O' THE WEST.

Tune—“*Of a' the airts the Wind can blaw.*”

AF a' the flowers that ever bloomed
 Where rills and rivers flow,
 On hill and dale, in wood and vale,
 Or paradise below:
 Sae sweet and fair, what can compare
 Wi' it, the first and best?
 Then let me string my harp, and sing
 The lily o' the West.

Adorned wi' a' that can adorn,
 There every grace we trace
 That earth can love or heaven approve
 Among the lily race:
 Sweet Nature's child—young, modest, mild—
 How can they be exprest
 Thy cherub charms?—come to my arms
 The lily o' the West.

How rich, beyond the power o' wealth,
 Would not I be wi' thee,
 Thou gem divine, O wert thou mine—
 But can that ever be?

No, lovely flower, in yonder bower,
Alas, thy lot is cast !
But shall I fret, or e'er forget
The lily o' the West.

May balmy showers and sunshine bright
Pervade thy hallowed shade,
Thy fairy form may never storm
Dishevel or invade;
But, soft as dew, may peace on you
Benignly ever rest !
For lang I'll string my harp, and sing
The lily o' the West.

TO ARROCHAR AWAY, LASSIE.

Air—“*Loudon's bonny Woods and Braes.*”

CHORUS.

HOW bright the blink of Orion's e'e
 On classic Clyde sae gay, lassie;
 Fain would I cross it, and wi' thee
 To Arrochar away, lassie.

Though yonder flowery banks and braes
 To roam I dearly lo'e, lassie;
 And though in Greenock I hae met
 Wi' friends baith warm and true, lassie—
 There fond wi' kindred spirits quaffed
 The balmy mountain dew, lassie;
 Yet happy would I spend the day
 At Arrochar wi' you, lassie.

Unrivalled, lovely Arrochar !
 What can wi' it compare, lassie ?
 Awa the bustlin' din o' touns,
 Wi' a' their pomp and glare, lassie:
 Gi'e me to wade through heather bells
 On lonely mountains there, lassie,
 And to pass the day wi' you
 At Arrochar sae fair, lassie.

'Tis there the heart at Nature's shrine
In adoration bows, lassie:
And on every altar green
In nameless rapture glows, lassie—
There we leave, on wings sublime,
A world o' cares and woes, lassie;
So now to live in bliss, the day
At Arrochar but close, lassie.

How sweet in yonder shady glen
The hours their flight will wing, lassie !
And O to linger by the burn,
Where lovely flow'rets spring, lassie;
Or to wander through the woods,
That loud wi' carols ring, lassie !
Then let us thus enjoy the day
At Arrochar, I sing, lassie.

Wi' burnin' words o' love divine,
We'll sweetly, a' our lane, lassie,
On heather knowes renew our vows,
And crack o' a' that's gane, lassie,
And o' that hallowed, mystic hour
That soothes the lover's pain, lassie:
Thus would we love the day away
At Arrochar, my ain lassie.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

Air—"The Land o' the Leal."

(1) DOWIE is my lay noo,
Nae cheerfu' spring I play noo,
I'm aye sae sad and wae noo,
Sin' Lucy left us a'.

My very heart is sair noo,
A' desolate and bare noo,
And a' is winter there noo,
Sin' Lucy left us a'.

Tears ever dim my e'e noo:
What's a' the warld to me noo,
What pleasure can it gie noo,
Sin' Lucy left us a'?

Nae mair her nameless charms noo
I clasp within my arms noo;
My heart it never warms noo,
Sin' Lucy left us a'.

Alane at hame I cower noo—
There's nae trystin' hour noo,

Nae wooin' i' the bow'r noo,
Sin' Lucy left us a'.

Nor doon the Meadow green noo,
Nae mair we slip unseen noo,
To pass in love the e'en noo,
Sin' Lucy left us a'.

But hallowed in the thought noo,
Ilk sacred meetin' spot noo,
And ne'er to be forgot noo,
Sin' Lucy left us a'.

Though frae the dreary urn noo
In vain I wait return noo,
Through life my loss I'll mourn noo,
Sin' Lucy left us a'.

And oh, where'er I steer noo,
Reft o' my bosom dear noo,
The past I'll aye revere noo,
Sin' she has left us a'.

THE ELM TREE.

Air—“*Beneath the Roof o’ Straw.*”

Y LO’E the garden, bower and grot;
But sweeter far to me,
When Cynthia smiles, this sacred spot
Beneath the Elm Tree.

If ever heart hath shared below
The bliss that Heaven can gi’e,
’Twas mine, responds it wi’ a glow,
Beneath the Elm Tree.

Can a’ the joys o’ courtly glare,
Of star and gartered knee,
Ere wi’ my spell-bound hours compare
Beneath the Elm tree ?

Oft in my arms, wi’ raptured zest,
Her rosy lips to pree,
My love how fondly hae I pressed
Beneath the Elm Tree !

She breathes the citron’s sweet perfume,
The lightning o’ her e’e
Dispels the bosom’s deepest gloom,
Beneath the Elm Tree.

The mellow notes that cheer the grove,
And glad the flow'ry lea,
But echo saft her thrilling strains
Beneath the Elm Tree.

The fragrant bloom shall sooner fade,
Forgotten by the bee,
Than I forget the hallowed shade
Beneath the Elm Tree.

Nay, when this heart hath ceased to beat,
And bounds my spirit free,
How fondly shall it seek retreat
Beneath the Elm Tree !

THOU ART FAITHFU' EVER, WILLIE.

Tune—“Fee him, Father.”

THOU art faithfu' ever, Willie,
 Thou art faithfu' ever;
 Thou art faithfu' ever, Willie,
 Thou art faithfu' ever:
 Come, gie's your hand, and vow again
 You'll forsake me never;
 Lang hae we lo'ed ilk ither now;
 Sae ne'er let us sever, Willie,
 Never let us sever.

But thou art false as fair, Jessie,
 But thou art false as fair;
 But thou art false as fair, Jessie,
 But thou art false as fair:
 I passed the bower unseen yestreen,
 And wha was wi' you there ?
 Aft hae we roamed Tweed's bonny banks,
 But never will we mair, Jessie,
 O never will we mair.

O for ance forgi'e me, Willie,
 O for ance forgi'e me;
 O for ance forgi'e me, Willie,
 O for ance forgi'e me:

My heart is breaking—O relent !
You'll rue it gin you leave me;
The best ava, and wi' that coof
Again ye'll never see me, Willie,
Ne'er again ye'll see me.

Thou hast me subdued, Jessie,
Thou hast me subdued;
Thou hast me subdued, Jessie,
Thou hast me subdued:
Come to my arms, my dearest dear,
But mind you what you've vowed;
Let a' that's past for ever gang—
Our love is a' renewed, Jessie,
Our love is a' renewed.

Then thou art still my ain Willie ?
O yes, for aye your ain ?
And thou art still my ain Jessie ?
For ever mair your ain:
Then there's my hand, ye hae my heart—
This e'en we're nae inair twain;
We'll buckled be at Caldstream Brigg,
Whare mony ane has gane, Jessie,
Mony ane has gane.

F L O R A.

Air—“*I remember, I remember.*”

FEAR, lovely Flora, charming Flora,
 Nature's Flora, be it mine
 To heartfelt homage, and to pour a
 Tribute to that worth of thine.

But vain thy worth with words I venture,
 Flora, ever to unfold;
 Of virtue's self thou art the centre—
 Of every grace the living mould.

Artless, modest, ever smiling,
 Sweet the social hearth to cheer,
 Every sorrow there beguiling
 With a sympathy sincere.

Thy presence, Flora, joy and gladness
 Magic'ly inspires in me;
 Adieu my every care and sadness,
 Angel Flora, when with thee.

Can I forget thee, Flora ? never:
 Can the sun forget to glow ?

Can the flowers of Summer ever
Gem the wintry wastes of snow ?

As on the tree the names we cherish
Stand, though changing seasons roll;
So thus enduring thine shall flourish
On the tablet of my soul.

And, since we part, may peace and pleasure,
Flora, here for ever dwell—
Every boon and every treasure
Heaven bestows; now fare thee well.

I LO'ED A LASSIE YOUNG AND FAIR.

Air—“*For a' that, and a' that.*”

I LO'ED a lassie young and fair,
 Ay late and sune, and a' that;
 Wi' hope and fear, and muckle care,
 But conquered still for a' that—
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Her lily hand, and a' that,
 She pledged to me, and I her mine,
 Afore the priest for a' that.

And sin' our merry bridal e'en,
 Hoo doubly blessed and a' that,
 My canty Kate and I hae been,
 Yet crosses had for a' that—
 For a' that, and a' that,
 What cared we then for a' that ?
 When doon, we aye got up again,
 And crooser crawled for a' that.

Though we hae little warldly gear,
 Our bite and brat, and a' that,
 Frae hameless sorrow's een the tear
 Hae often wiped for a' that—

For a' that, and a' that,
A neebor's cares, and a' that;
We've made our ain wi' helpin' hand,
Yet thrave nae waur for a' that.

What's a' the warld ?—a passin' show;
Its honours, wealth, and a' that ?
If share we not a brother's woe,
Though rich, hoo puir for a' that ?—
For a' that, and a' that,
Without content, and a' that:
A conscience clear, a hame to cheer,
I'll seek nae mair wi' a' that.

WE HAD A ROWTH O' CLINK
YESTREEN.

WE a' had rowth o' clink yestreen,
And snug in Robin's, canty Robin's:
We had our saps wi' glee, I ween—
A rare and happy quorum.
Sae sweet we preed the "tappet hen,"
Fu blithe in Robin's, rantin' Robin's;
Wha aye sae merry brought her ben,
And croonin' Tullochgorum.

CHORUS.

But whan the morn began to daw,
O dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie;
And ilka back was at the wa',
We could nae raise the jorum.

Sae where were a' our fun and spree,
We had in Robin's, witty Robin's?
I'll mind him till the day I dee—
The deil can ne'er get o'er him;
For toom our pouches grew at last,
Syne sad was Robin, mad was Robin,

Wha damned our drouth as mair we asked,
As mony's dune afore him.

Sae whan the morn, &c.

We did our best without avail,
But surly Robin's; churlish Robin's,
Ance feelin' heart had turned to mail,
And cooled the love we bore him:
Sae up we gat, and swore an aith,
That friends wi' Robin, menseless Robin,
We ne'er would be till our last breath,
Nor wi' him hae a splorum.

Sae whan the morn, &c.

DARK LOWERS THE MIST ON THE WHITE
TOWERING CHEVIOT.

Tune—“*The Braes of Gleniffer.*”

DARK lowers the mist on the white towering Cheviot,
Cauld drifts the snaw across the bleak plain;
Recallin’ the day—O could I retrieve it!—
I sighed the farewell to my laddie that’s gane.

How dowie and cheerless and springless the bosom;
Alas! for its sunshine, its verdure and a’;
And where its ance fragrant and fairy-like blossom,
Since a’ that I liket has wandered awa?

That hour that he left me, can e’er I forget it,
Wi’ a’ his embraces sae namelessly dear?
The fealty he plighted,—oh never ance let it
Be breathed but in love, and embalmed by a tear.

And oh the fond look, the last o’ my lover,
The shake o’ his hand, and his angelic smile;
How hallowed, how dearer than life to me ever!—
I ne’er but in sadness can pass the auld stile.

Again but I saw him, my ain only treasure,
My smilin' saft hazel-eed Jamie, sae fair,
How happy our meeting!—O bliss beyond mea-
sure,
To wander wi' a' that I liket ance mair,

Where wafts the fair Tweed, her silvery billow,
And echo the grey rocks the howlet's lone wail,
Or down by yon banks where the brier and the
willow
Sigh o'er the blue wave as impressed by the gale.

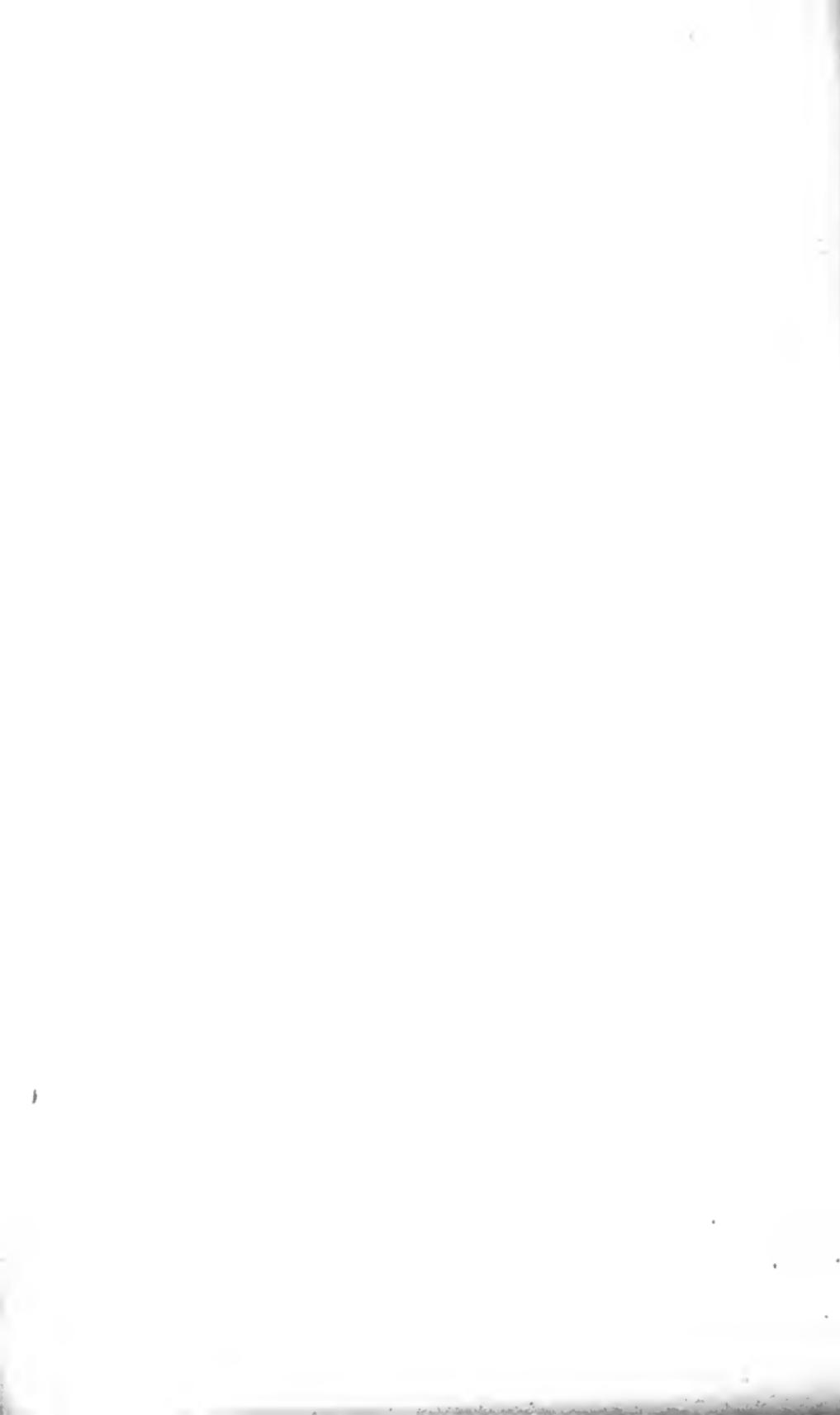
Bare now though the ance shady forest and bracken,
Their mantles o' emerald sweet Spring shall renew;
The wee birdies sing, fresh joys to awaken,
And blue-bells and gowans the meadows bestrew.

But would it were sae with the bosom o' sadness—
Still hope ever hail!—why should it repine?
Dark though the night lowers, the morning o' glad-
ness
How aft hae we seen it unlooket for shine?

While safe has the bark been far tossed on the ocean,
Though lang by affection despondin'ly mourned;
Frae fields o' red carnage and mortal commotion,
Unskathed has the absent in triumph returned.

And sae may my Jamie, the heart wha lies nearest,
O shield him, kind Heaven—how wordless his
charms—
O lead him and speed him to Nancy, his dearest,
In safety and rapture again to her arms.

A P P E N D I X.





Our Visit to the West of Scotland,

Page 77.

RESPECTING this excursion, I regretted much not having taken notes of the different scenery and various incidents on our pilgrimage. It was, I remember, fully a twelvemonth after I returned before I polluted paper with a description of our travels; the whole Poem, therefore, from the first to the last line, was necessarily written from recollection. Owing to this circumstance, I must humbly beg the reader's forbearance and indulgence in reference to any descriptive errors, and, indeed, for the whole piece throughout, as it was both very hurriedly and carelessly fabricated. I naturally chose this light racy-pacy sort of measure, as it is, in my opinion, better adapted to the subject than any other; although, at the same time, it is a measure I never liked.

Page 78.

"Hail to the Venotaph of Scott!"

Sir Walter Scott's Monument, Princes Street, Edinburgh. The most elegant and beautiful fabric, even in the "City of Palaces," or, I daresay, anywhere in Europe.

Page 78.

"And Kemp deplore."

Alluding to its very talented, but unfortunate architect, who, a few years ago, was drowned in the Edinburgh and Glasgow Canal.

Page 79.

*"O to survey
Thy antique relics, one and all,
A summer's day."*

Instead of a summer's day, we had but a few minutes to view that celebrated seat of departed

royalty. It is well worth the attention of the antiquary, but by no means suited to the pocket of every one. The avaricious demands made on one's generosity are absolutely disgusting.

Page 80.

"Eternal credit on a Steel!"

The name of the Sculptor.

Page 80.

"O Wilson, hallowed be thy name."

The distinguished Professor Wilson, a man whose fame is in every mouth, both as a philosopher and poet.

Page 81.

*"Frowning Crags by Nature piled,
Rugged hills sublimely wild."*

Alluding to Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, which, by their romantic and magnificent appearance, are by all allowed to be the ornament and glory of Modern Athens.

Page 82.

"Next thy Necropolis all hail!"

I well recollect, on this sequestered and engrossing eminence, occupied as the last resting-place by thousands, we spent about an hour and a-half. It was as delightful a day as ever dawned upon the world, and our walk through the city of the dead was a finished treat. The tombs, monuments, and statues of statesmen, warriors, philosophers, priests, and poets, were to me, I remember, a source of exquisite gratification; but I forbear description, feeling myself incompetent for the task.

Page 84.

"With all its sweet transporting views."

The view from Paisley Cemetery, in my opinion, is fully as good as that from the top of Edinburgh Castle. It is so varied and extensive, as seldom to be equalled, at least in Scotland. The Cemetery itself is spread over a pretty high eminence, and was only in process of completion when we had the pleasure of visiting it.

Page 85.

"The friendly, gifted, generous Knox."

Mr Knox, I have much pleasure in stating, was the first individual in Paisley with whom I became acquainted. I recollect the circumstance happened over a refreshment in an inn, previously to the railway train passing Paisley for Greenock. The gentleman alluded to above is well known in Paisley, both as an eminent artist and pattern designer. He was the kindest man, I solemnly aver, I ever met with in this world. The variety and extent of his generosity and kindness, from modesty, I forbear to reveal; but the memory of which shall ever be identified with all I love and revere in man. Even to have been with him an hour, would almost have tempted one to believe that he belonged not to our fallen species. Heaven reward him, for I owe him much, "far, far beyond what I can ever pay."

Page 85.

*"I've stood above, with pensive thought,
Her vernal pall."*

The remains of Highland Mary, as many know, are deposited in the West Churchyard of Greenock.

Over the spot there is a monument to her memory, about eighteen or twenty feet high. About six feet from its base, there is a small ornamented cornice projecting. A little between this cornice and the base is inscribed—

“ERECTED OVER THE GRAVE OF HIGHLAND
MARY, 1842.”

With the following couplet from “Mary in Heaven”—

“My Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?”

A little higher there is another similar cornice; and between these two cornices the figures of Burns and Highland Mary appear—she having a scarf over her shoulders; Burns a plaid. He is holding her by the right hand, and with a book or Bible in the other. This scene is intended to commemorate the last time ever the lovers met, which was on the banks of the river Ayr, near the town of that name. A few feet higher up the monument, is the figure of a woman, pretty large, resting over an urn, with her right hand supporting the right side of her head; the left arm, being bare to the shoulder, seems to be bent over the urn, catching it gently at the bottom with the fingers. The word “Mary” is seen on the urn. About a foot from the head of the figure there is a star carved on the stone, and within a few inches from the top of the monument. The whole is polished ashlar, except a few inches at the base.

Page 86.

"The fairy glen of Inverkip."

The glen of Inverkip is a romantic and delightful walk west from Greenock, passing through the estate of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart. Inverkip is a lovely village, situated at its extremity, on the banks of the Clyde, about six miles from Greenock. As for the shore between that village and Greenock, it far surpasses anything my mortal eyes ever yet beheld, and infinitely deserves the attention of any tourist, especially of him who is an admirer of the sublime and beautiful in nature, or who possesses, even in the slightest degree, the poetic vein—that power which invests with a double charm every scene and object around us, is the source and mainspring of perpetual enjoyment, and which, above all other secular endowments, preserves the heart from the hardening influences and debasing vices of the world.

Page 86.

*"What town in Scotia can compare
With thee, delightful lovely Ayr?"*

Ayr, as is well-known to many, is a sea-port of great antiquity, situated about seventy-seven miles west by

south of Edinburgh, and thirty-four miles south-west from Glasgow. At one time it contained the antique mansions of many noble families; but these, with their wooden balconies and turnpike stairs, have given place to more commodious tenements. Several of the poems of Burns abound with allusions to its old localities, but the appearance of the town is now completely altered. Instead of being, as in the beginning of the present century, irregularly built, with narrow ill-paved streets and dismal-looking alleys, it now presents a uniform appearance, and possesses one of the finest squares to be seen in any provincial town in Scotland; while its principal streets are lighted with gas, and well paved, and many of the shops are as elegant as those in Edinburgh or Glasgow. The "Auld Brig" is supposed to have been built by two maiden sisters, in the reign of Alexander II. Their effigies are still pointed out upon a stone on the eastern parapet. The New Bridge is a few hundred yards below the Old one; is an elegant structure, and in some of the niches are placed the statues of heathen deities. The trade of Ayr is considerable: about three hundred coasting vessels arrive from all quarters of the kingdom during the year. Two miles south is the cottage in which Burns was born, now an object of great curiosity to visitors. In the immediate vicinity, and on the banks of the Doon, stands the venerable ruins of Kirk Alloway, entirely roofless, immortalised in his poem of "Tam o' Shanter;" while an elegant monument has

been erected to his memory between this building and the "Auld Brig." There are four annual fairs held in Ayr, and two weekly markets on Tuesdays and Fridays. The population of the parish in 1841 amounted to 8264.

Page 87.

*"The Inn where, every market night,
'Fast by the ingle bleezin' bright,'
Sat Tam o' Shanter, and his cronie,
His drouthy brother, Souter Johnnie."*

The inn above mentioned is situated near the southern extremity of Ayr, as you pass along to Burns' Cottage and Monument. It was frequently affirmed to me to have been the identical rendezvous of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie on the market nights, also a favourite house of call for Burns. I remember when we entered it on our way to the birth-place of the Bard, the loquacious landlady gave us a very satisfactory history of a small wooden vessel standing on the table, known about that part of Scotland as a "quaich," which she honestly deponed to have been the very article used in drinking by Tam o' Shanter, Souter Johnnie, and Burns himself; and that it was an heirloom of the house, transmitted by the proprietor from tenant to tenant. I had very little doubt of the authenticity of what she related,

as the quaich bore all the indications both of old age and much service. The brim of it seemed greatly worn, apparently from nothing but use; while its time-decayed hoops and moth-eaten staves more and more confirmed her assertions. She told us that it had been used exclusively for drinking ale; but, instead of the nappy brown, we baptised this antique relic of evanescent sociality and merriment with a liberal quantum of Campbeltown.

Page 89.

“ And oh ! the ‘ bonnie banks o’ Doon.’ ”

So in reality they are—every way corresponding with the description given of them by Burns. It was a most delightful day when we paced them; and the many hallowed and endearing associations that magically crowded into my mind when perambulating their enchanting scenes and shades, I never can forget. As for the river itself, I recollect I took a drink of it with as much religious veneration as it had been nectar designed for the gods only, or imaginatively deemed it as sacred as the Arabs the water which had washed the sapphics written by Mungo Park. The celebrated river, in my opinion, with its scenery, strongly resembles both the Esk and our own Till, except that Till runs rather slower and deeper.

Page 89.

"Thrice hail thee, famous Mungo's Well."

This noted well in "Tam o' Shanter" is situated on the banks of Doon, near Auld Kirk Alloway, and about a stonewall from the new bridge across the river. The thorn mentioned by Burns as growing above it is gone. The well is of a circular form, composed of mason-work, with a fine gravel bottom, constructed and kept up by Mr Fraser, the landlord of the inn near by. A jug stands at it also for the accommodation of visitors. Its water is exceedingly fine and refreshing, at least I know it was so to us, the day being so warm.

Page 89.

"The ivied bridge which 'Tammy' crossed."

This is the old Bridge of Doon, but a very short distance from the new one. It is a very antiquated-like structure, consisting of but one arch, very narrow and high in the centre. A great part of it is richly mantled with ivy, especially the famous "key-stane," as before Tam, on that awful, that ill-starred night, had reached which, poor Maggie, alas ! "the fient a tail she had to shake." When I lay and leaned over it, ruminating over "Tam o' Shanter," what strange sensations did I not experience ? Heaven knows and myself. Did I not feel as if in the immediate pre-

sence of a celestial nature, and that the very ground on which I stood was not only immortalized by departed genius, but hallowed and doubly enchanted ?

Page 89.

"And hail, thou Cenotaph of fame."

This pile, erected to the memory of the immortal Bard, is both an elegant and beautiful structure of a circular form, resembling much the one on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh. It is situated on a delightful eminence on the banks of Doon, and commands a very extensive range of scenery, the most lovely and interesting I ever had the pleasure to behold. There the eye travels over landscape after landscape, associated with many lively and engrossing reminiscences of Scotia's sweetest minstrel, and all consecrated in the years that are gone by the daily wanderings of him whose memory Fame has justly crowned with her imperishable laurels, and whose very name has hence become a household word enshrined in the fond recollection of all, but more especially hallowed by every favoured son of the Muse.

Page 89.

"Behold the all but breathing bust."

The bust was of white marble, and excellently executed. In reference to the Bibles, a slip of Mary's hair, and the autographs of Burns, they were all religiously preserved in a glass-case standing in the centre of the Monument. As for the elegant and expressive statues of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie, they are beyond all praise.

Page 90.

"First, Old Mortality, to thee."

That is William Kennedy, a mason of Ayr, who humorously styles himself "Old Mortality." He is in very truth a jovial, social, obliging blade. I recollect we first fell into company and correspondence in Burns' Cottage, where he and another were discussing a bottle of porter, after the fatigue of lifting a tomb-stone in Alloway's "auld kirkyard." I saw in a moment that he was a very frank and open-minded character, and of course we quickly got into conversation. He seemed pretty intelligent, at least as respected all inquiries in regard to the different localities of the Land of Burns, with whose writings

he also appeared familiar, and could tell many incidents and stories connected with the Bard. A few glasses of his porter cordially exchanging with us for mountain dew, our new companion had penetration enough soon to guess the grand object of our mission to the fairy scenes about Ayr, and with as much disinterested kindness as if we had been heart-sworn comrades from our school-days, he proffered at once his services to become both our guide and exponent. So away we went, happy, indeed, with our loquacious conductor, who immediately on our arrival got permission from the landlord of the inn to view the celebrated grounds. After visiting the "auld kirkyard" of Alloway with its auld "haunted kirk," which has been sufficiently described in the text, and cutting a switch from an old plane-tree which hung over its grey and mouldering walls, we had a delightful ramble along the "Banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," noticed in a previous Note. Afterwards we visited the Old and New Bridges; thence through, as it were, a Paradise Regained, we came to the Monument; and lastly, on leaving which, we arrived at the inn, where, after the Hawick gill had described a few cycles and had begun to inspire, I fondly recollect we had the "Banks and braes o' bonnie Doon" sung in splendour and on the very spot. Bidding adieu to these enchanting localities, we reached Ayr about ten at night, where subsequently we spent a few very harmonious hours with our worthy guide Kennedy, the most kind, obliging, and honourable of men, to

whom I take this opportunity of tendering my most sincere and heartfelt thanks for his valuable services. We left the above town on the following morning per railway, and never saw Old Mortality more, although he promised to call on us ere our departure—a circumstance I bitterly regretted.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY JOHN FORSYTH, 82 SOUTH BRIDGE.

